Miss America

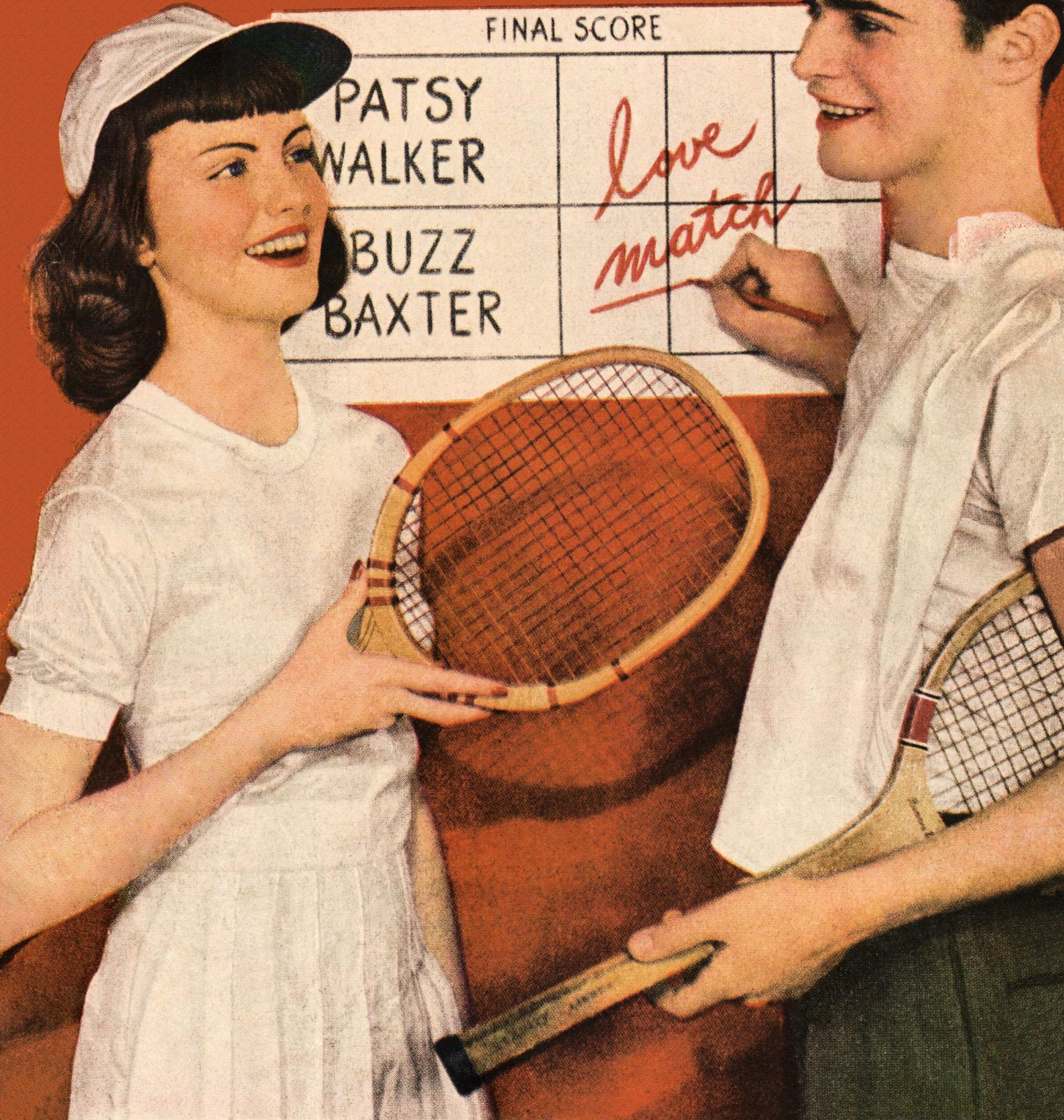
10c

JULY

FEATURING NEW, ROMANTIC

PATSY WALKER STORIES - -

"SHE LISTENED TO LOVE!" and "PATSY'S STOLEN HEART!"


FINAL SCORE
PATSY WALKER
BUZZ BAXTER
love match

Are you in the know?

A smooth gal's fancy lightly turns to —

☐ *Thoughts of going steady*
☐ *Dreams of prom bids*
☐ *Shoes of gold*

Her brain may be tuckered with date data, but a smooth gal's tootsies sparkle plenty! This season, there's a gold rush — for sandals with that Midas touch. They're untarnishable. Smart for prom-prancing or any girl-meets-guy occasion. Whatever the crowd plans, breeze along (even on "those" days) — comfortably. For the *new* Kotex gives a new high in softness. Dreamy softness that *holds its shape.* And Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it!

Which lends your noggin news-appeal?

☐ *Phony tresses*
☐ *Ubangi earbobs*
☐ *A crew cut*

Bored with your bookings? A different coiffure may help snag a new stag. It's fun to experiment with false tresses. Maybe you'd add a cluster of curls. Maybe you'll find a chignon has come-on. And, if you're unsure about bangs, it's safer to buy 'em than cut 'em! On problem days there's a way to be sure of the right *napkin* for your needs. Simply try all *3 sizes* of Kotex! Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. You'll discover the one for *you!*

For graduation, would you give him —

☐ *Sports equipment*
☐ *A magazine subscription*
☐ *His pet platter*

Make it a simple but thoughtful token, like any of those mentioned above. He's fairway-frantic? Buy a few good golf balls. Or, sign on the line for his favorite magazine. You could give him a disc he's dizzy about. Whichever you choose, he'll be grateful! And come commencement, join the festivities — "calendar" time or no. Remember, Kotex has an exclusive *safety center.* How grateful *you'll* be for that extra protection that vetoes nagging cares!

What will help improve your voice?

☐ *More volume* ☐ *Two volumes* ☐ *Whistling*

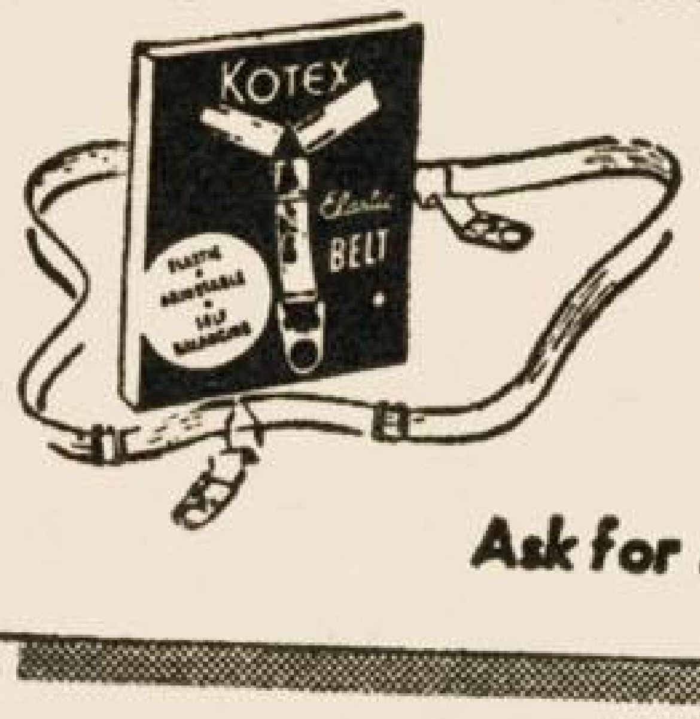
Let your sound effects be listen-worthy. Want to get rid of a rasp? A twang? A high-pitched "little girl" voice? This daily breathing routine helps: Lie flat on the floor; park two "volumes" on your diaphragm. Take 20 deep breaths. The rising of the books shows you're breathing correctly, for a richer quality of voice. You can always "breathe easy" on difficult days . . . confident that Kotex will keep your secret. Yes, you'll bless those *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines!

3 guesses what girls forget most

☐ *De-fuzz your gams*
☐ *Make with the mouthwash*
☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

No doubt your breath's above reproach . . . your pegs are satin-smooth. Okay. Well isn't there something you *didn't* remember — like buying a new sanitary belt? That's what most girls forget; keep putting off "till next time." To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You know, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You get such snug, comfortable fit, for a *Kotex* Belt is all-elastic; adjustable . . . doesn't bind!



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name

KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
KOTEX
KOTEX

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

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VENUS
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD!
BOTH SENSATIONAL ISSUES ON SALE NOW! DON'T MISS THEM!
SUN GIRL
AMERICA'S MOST EXCITING GIRL OF MYSTERY

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT where it shows most

REDUCE most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says, "I used to wear a size 20 dress now I wear size 14 thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives. Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight, for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE with a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results your money will be returned at once!

FREE A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. MA 7
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey.

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

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FOOD FOR FUN

MINESTRONE MYSTERY . . .

How about a bowl of real Italian minestrone soup for supper tomorrow night? All you need besides is toasted Italian bread and a big green salad. And the mystery is easier to solve than you may think!

Heat half a tablespoon of olive oil with half a tablespoon of butter in a big kettle. Add these vegetables, all finely cut: a clove of garlic, 2 carrots, a cup of young string beans, ½ cup of peas, ½ cup of limas, ½ cup of cranberry beans, if you can find them, 1 leek, 1 onion, 2 sprigs parsley, 2 small potatoes, ½ cup chopped spinach and ½ cup chopped cabbage.

Stir over low heat until the vegetables start to make their own juices. Then add 3 cups of boiling water and just a little tomato paste, depending on how much you like it.

Cook for 25 minutes, boiling gently. Then add half a cup of shell macaroni and cook 15 to 20 minutes more. Season well with salt, pepper and a little oregano. Serve in soup bowls and pass grated Parmesan cheese alongside for sprinkling on top.

The best vegetable soup in the world!

TRUE OR FALSE?

Your permanent won't take "that time" of the month!

FALSE. A perm will take as well during your period as at any other time. But if sitting still all those hours makes you edgy—put off your beauty parlor date a few days.

Smart teen-agers find the answers to so many problems on menstruation in "Growing Up And Liking It."

This interesting, new illustrated book is a gold-mine of helpful information on beauty, poise and health.

Modess will send your FREE copy—if you mail the coupon below!

TRUE OR FALSE?

A narrower napkin is better for some girls!

TRUE. Girls do vary. And now soft, white Modess comes in 3 sizes. Buy the one best suited to *your* needs. **Modess Regular** (blue box) is ideal for the average needs of most girls.

Modess Junior (green box) is slightly narrower, for girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective.

Modess Super (orchid box) gives extra protection when greater absorbency is needed.

All Modess has a *proved safety shield* to guard against accidents. Discover luxury-soft Modess today!

Send now for your FREE copy!

Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 357-A, Milltown, N. J.

Please send me, in plain wrapper, a FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking it."

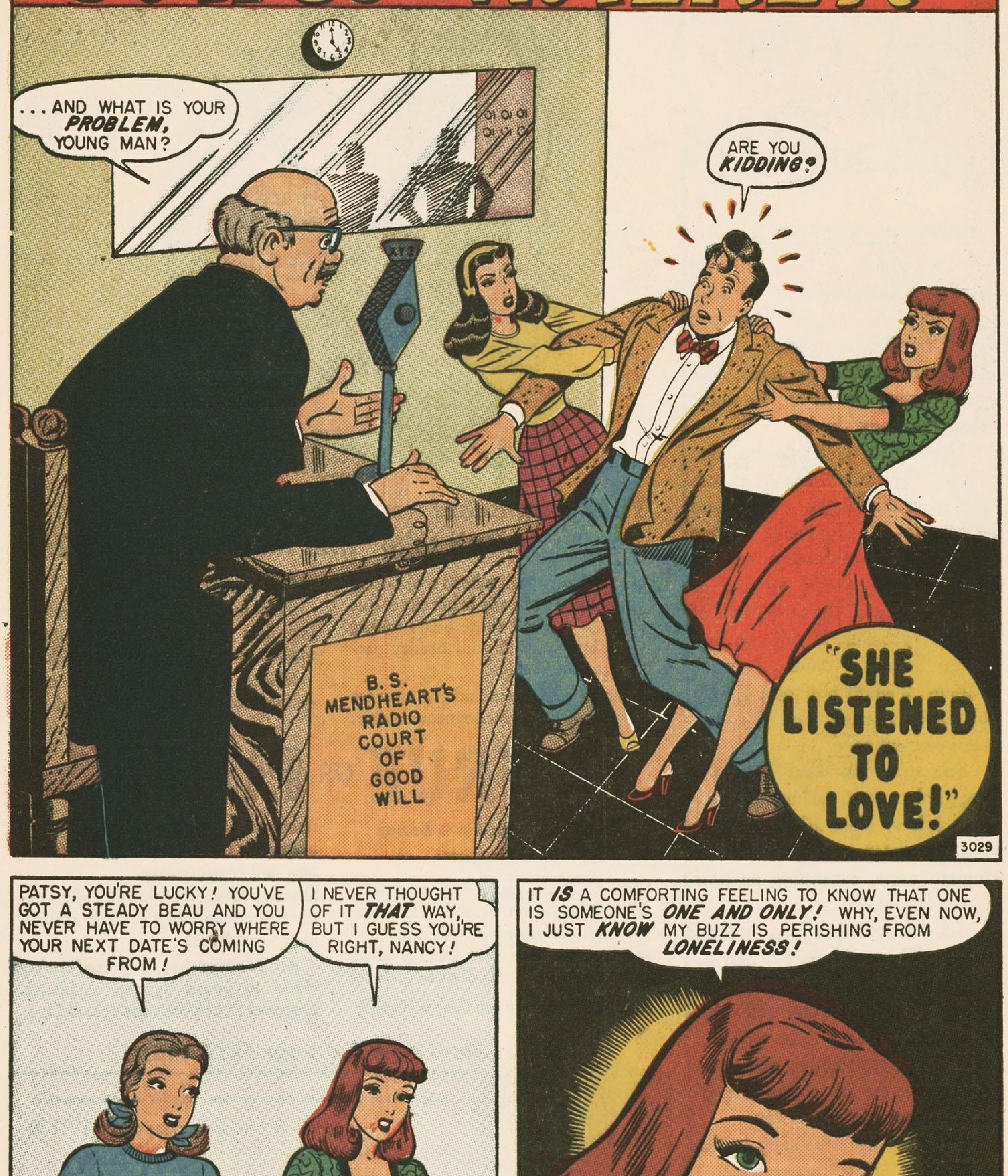
Name ____________________

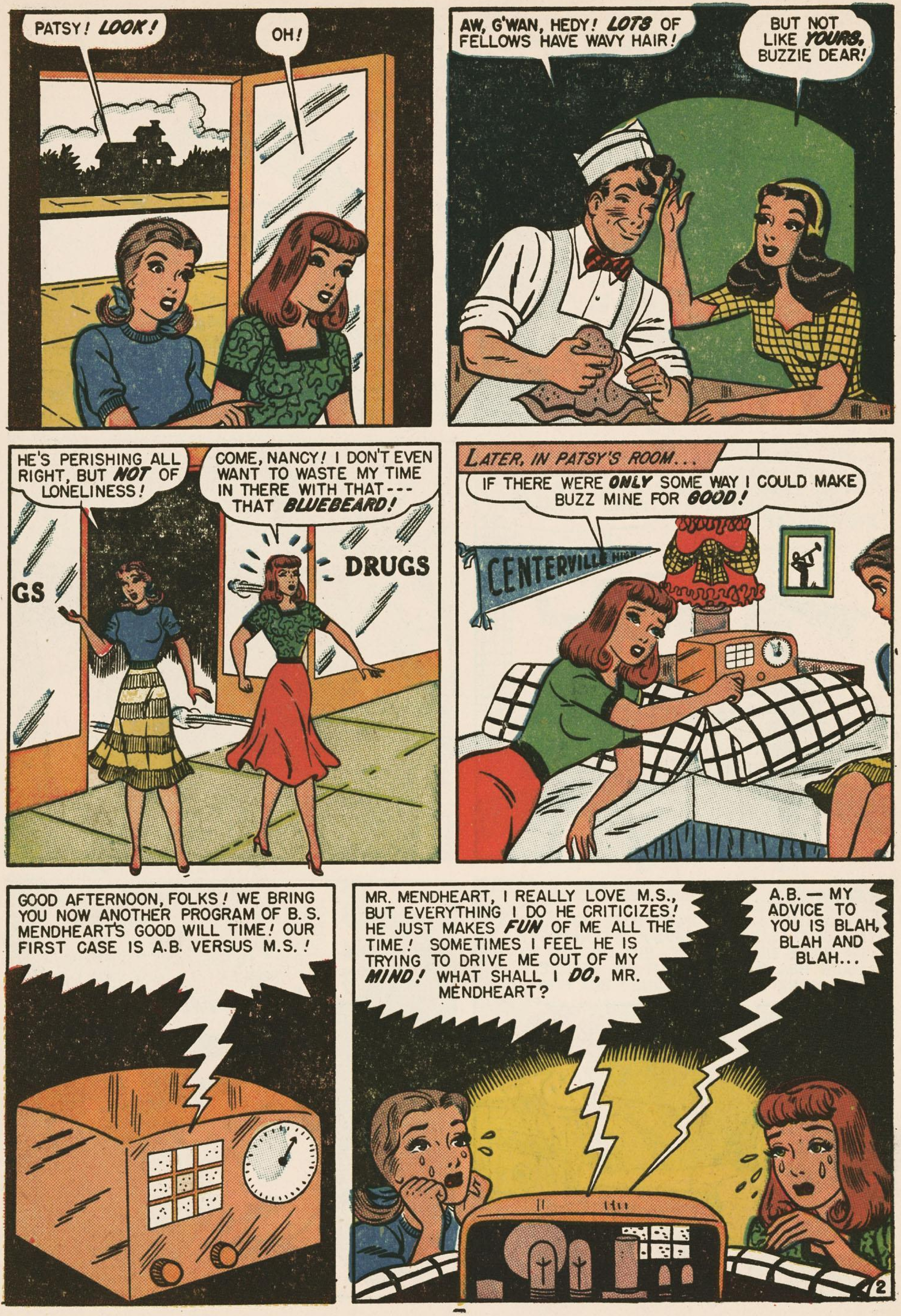
Address ____________________

City ____________________

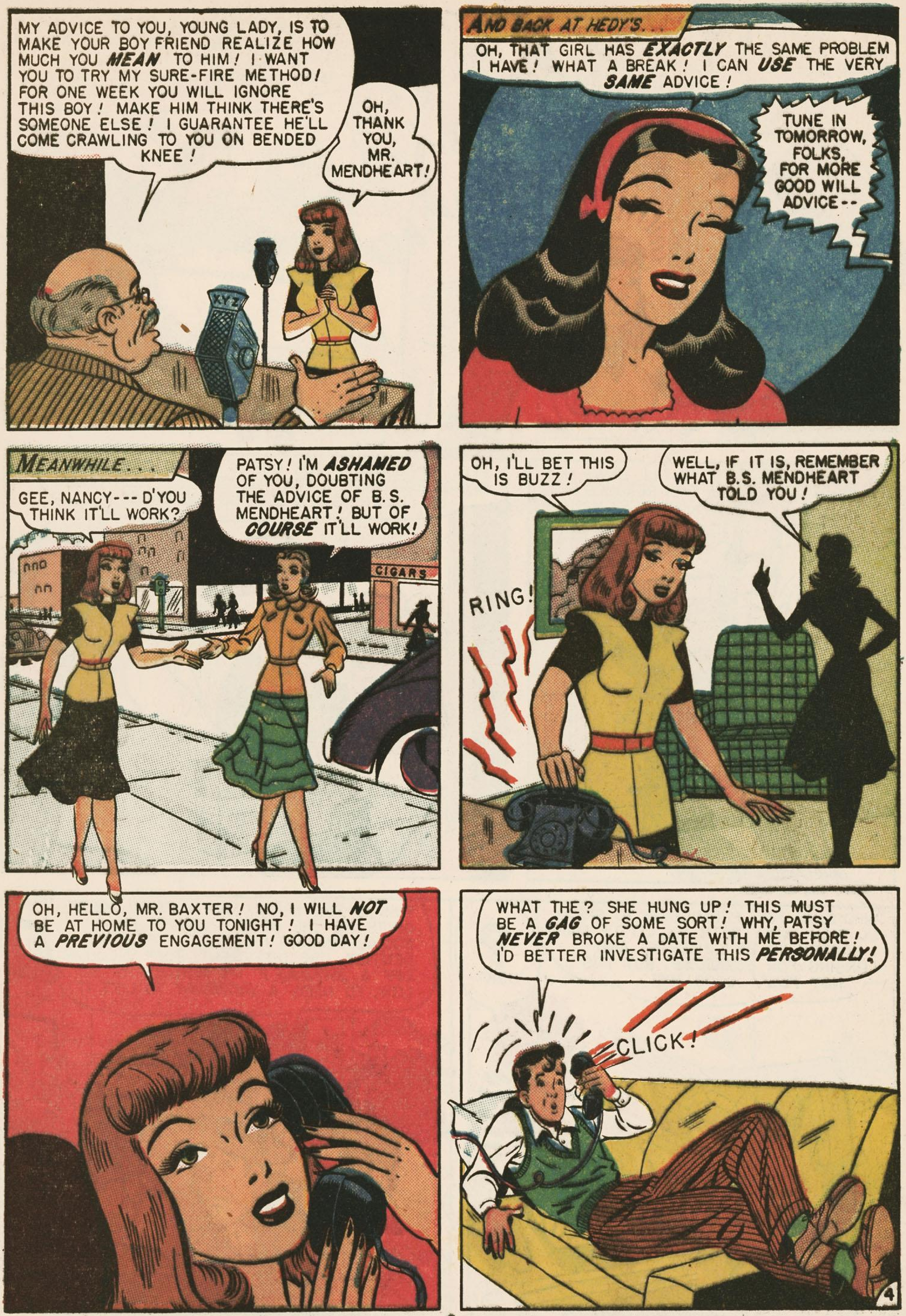
State ____________ **Age** ______

PATSY WALKER


...AND WHAT IS YOUR **PROBLEM**, YOUNG MAN?
ARE YOU **KIDDING?**
B. S. MENDHEART'S RADIO COURT OF GOOD WILL
"SHE LISTENED TO LOVE!"
3029
PATSY, YOU'RE LUCKY! YOU'VE GOT A STEADY BEAU AND YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORRY WHERE YOUR NEXT DATE'S COMING FROM!
I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT **THAT** WAY, BUT I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, NANCY!
IT **IS** A COMFORTING FEELING TO KNOW THAT ONE IS SOMEONE'S **ONE AND ONLY!** WHY, EVEN NOW, I JUST **KNOW** MY BUZZ IS PERISHING FROM **LONELINESS!**
1


PATSY! LOOK!
OH!
AW, G'WAN, HEDY! LOTS OF FELLOWS HAVE WAVY HAIR!
BUT NOT LIKE YOURS, BUZZIE DEAR!
HE'S PERISHING ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT OF LONELINESS!
COME, NANCY! I DON'T EVEN WANT TO WASTE MY TIME IN THERE WITH THAT--- THAT BLUEBEARD!
GS
DRUGS
LATER, IN PATSY'S ROOM...
IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY I COULD MAKE BUZZ MINE FOR GOOD!
CENTERVILLE HIGH
GOOD AFTERNOON, FOLKS! WE BRING YOU NOW ANOTHER PROGRAM OF B. S. MENDHEART'S GOOD WILL TIME! OUR FIRST CASE IS A.B. VERSUS M.S.!
MR. MENDHEART, I REALLY LOVE M.S., BUT EVERYTHING I DO HE CRITICIZES! HE JUST MAKES FUN OF ME ALL THE TIME! SOMETIMES I FEEL HE IS TRYING TO DRIVE ME OUT OF MY MIND! WHAT SHALL I DO, MR. MENDHEART?
A.B. — MY ADVICE TO YOU IS BLAH, BLAH AND BLAH...

OH, PATSY! POOR A.B.! AND YOU THINK *YOU* HAVE A PROBLEM!
--AND DID YOU HEAR HOW *WONDERFULLY* B.S. MENDHEART SOLVED A.B.'S PROBLEM? (SIGH)
CENTERVILLE HIGH
VASSAR
PATSY! THAT'S IT! YOU COULD GO ON THE AIR! THE MENDHEART GOOD WILL TIME HOUR! HE'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO *DO* ABOUT BUZZ!
SNAP!
THAT'S A *SWELL* IDEA, NAN! BUT I WOULD BE TERRIBLY *EMBARRASSED* IF ANYONE HEARD ME— *ESPECIALLY* BUZZ!
THAT'S SIMPLE! YOU CAN DISGUISE YOUR VOICE, AND USE *FAKE INITIALS!*
CENTERVILLE
AND SO, AT THE NEXT BROADCAST...
MR. MENDHEART, THE NEXT CASE IS A YOUNG LADY!
ALL RIGHT, MISS, WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM? REMEMBER, NO NAMES! AND *PLEASE*, DON'T TOUCH THE *MIKE!*
QUIET
XYZ
MEANWHILE...
EVERYTIME I TRY TO GET BUZZ TO TAKE ME OUT, IT SEEMS *PATSY* INTERFERES! I'M *SURE* HE LIKES ME, BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM *CRAZY* ABOUT ME BEFORE I CAN THINK OF HIM AS MINE! BUT HOW?
CLICK
HMMM...
...AND, MR. MENDHEART, I LIKE THIS BOY VERY MUCH AND I'M SURE HE LIKES ME, *TOO!* BUT SOMEHOW THIS *OTHER* GIRL FORCES HERSELF BETWEEN US! MY PROBLEM IS— HOW CAN I GET HIM TO ALWAYS THINK OF ME *ONLY?*
3


MY ADVICE TO YOU, YOUNG LADY, IS TO MAKE YOUR BOY FRIEND REALIZE HOW MUCH YOU **MEAN** TO HIM! I WANT YOU TO TRY MY SURE-FIRE METHOD! FOR ONE WEEK YOU WILL IGNORE THIS BOY! MAKE HIM THINK THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE! I GUARANTEE HE'LL COME CRAWLING TO YOU ON BENDED KNEE!
OH, THANK YOU, MR. MENDHEART!
XYZ
AND BACK AT HEDY'S...
OH, THAT GIRL HAS **EXACTLY** THE SAME PROBLEM I HAVE! WHAT A BREAK! I CAN **USE** THE VERY **SAME** ADVICE!
TUNE IN TOMORROW, FOLKS, FOR MORE GOOD WILL ADVICE--
MEANWHILE...
GEE, NANCY--- D'YOU THINK IT'LL WORK?
PATSY! I'M **ASHAMED** OF YOU, DOUBTING THE ADVICE OF B.S. MENDHEART! BUT OF **COURSE** IT'LL WORK!
CIGARS
OH, I'LL BET THIS IS BUZZ!
WELL, IF IT IS, REMEMBER WHAT B.S. MENDHEART TOLD YOU!
RING!
OH, HELLO, MR. BAXTER! NO, I WILL **NOT** BE AT HOME TO YOU TONIGHT! I HAVE A **PREVIOUS** ENGAGEMENT! GOOD DAY!
WHAT THE? SHE HUNG UP! THIS MUST BE A **GAG** OF SOME SORT! WHY, PATSY **NEVER** BROKE A DATE WITH ME BEFORE! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE THIS **PERSONALLY!**
CLICK!
4

HI'YA, PATSY! I KNOW THERE'S *SOME* MISTAKE...
MY DEAR BOY! DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN YOUR PRESENCE IS NOT WANTED? I'M VERY BUSY, SO...
GOOD DAY!
SLAM!
SHE CAN'T *DO* THIS TO ME! HAH! I'LL SHOW *HER* – MANY MORE FISH IN THE SEA! HAH! BY GOLLY, I KNOW SOMEONE WHO'S JUST BEEN *DYING* FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY!
WAIT'LL NEWS OF THIS REACHES MISS WALKER! HAH!
HI'YA, GORGEOUS! YOUR CURLY HAIRED CASANOVA BRINGS YOU SWEETS FOR THE SWEET! YOUR HOURS OF LINGERING AND LONGING ARE ENDED!
WHO GAVE *YOU* PERMISSION TO SPEAK SO FAMILIARLY WITH ME, LITTLE MAN? I HAPPEN TO BE LINGERING AND LONGING FOR *SOMEONE*, BUT IT'S NOT *YOU*! GOOD-BYE!
? URK!-
SLAM!
THIS IS *TOO* MUCH! WHEN *EVEN HEDY* GIVES ME THE BOOT, I *KNOW* I'M A SOCIAL OUTCAST! SHOULD I SEE MY DENTIST, USE DIFFERENT SOAP OR JUMP OFF A *BRIDGE*? MY MORALE IS SO LOW, I'D NEED A *DERRICK* TO LIFT IT!
MILK
5

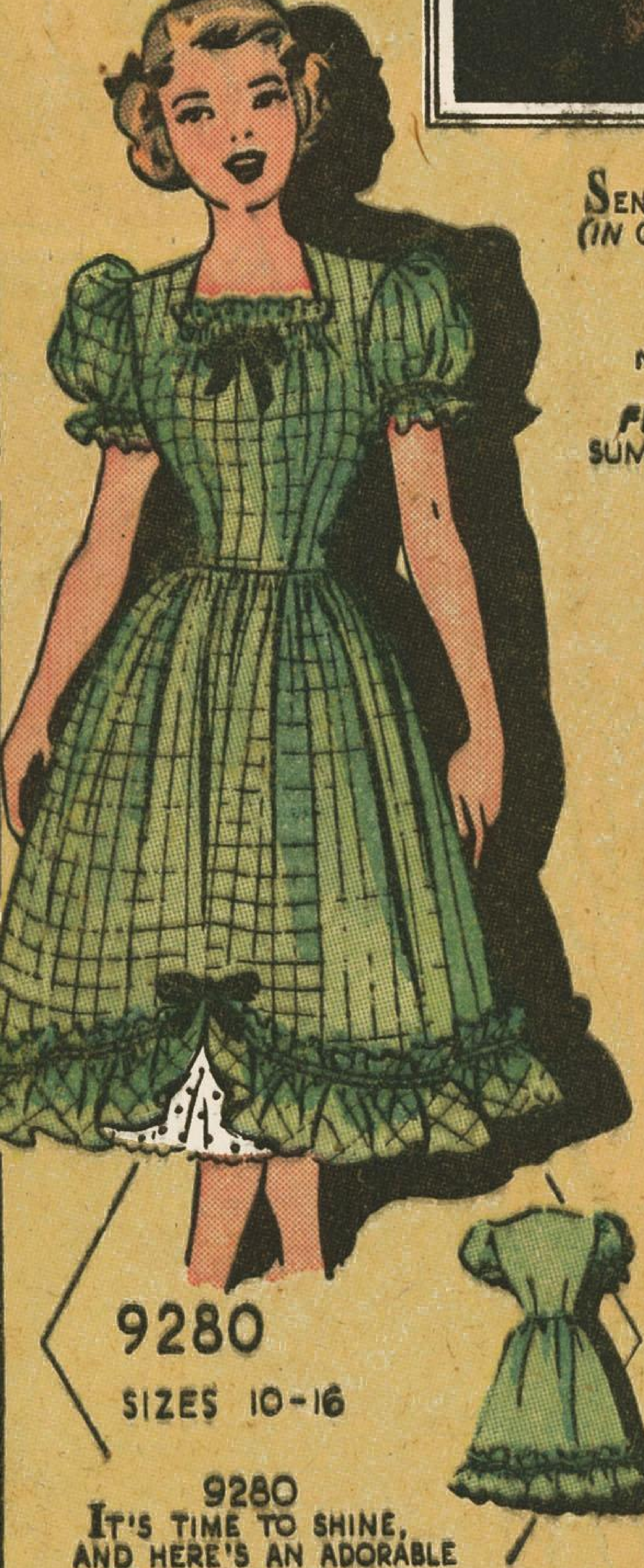
SO TIME PASSES, AS IT ALWAYS DOES...
WELL, IT'S BEEN A WEEK NOW! I FOLLOWED B. S. MENDHEART'S ADVICE! NOW I'LL GO TO SEE BUZZ AND COLLECT THE FRUITS OF MY CUNNING SCHEME! HEDY WILL NO LONGER COME BETWEEN US!
4th
THIS IS IT! TODAY'S THE DAY! BUZZ WILL BE SO GLAD TO SEE ME, HE'LL DO ALMOST ANYTHING FOR ME — EVEN FORGETTING ALL ABOUT PATSY! AFTER ALL, I DID FOLLOW THE B.S. MENDHEART'S ADVICE!
OH, HELLO, PATSY! THIS WILL PROBABLY BE YOUR LAST VISIT HERE! BUZZ WILL NO LONGER CARE TO SEE YOU!
NOT THE WAY I FIGURE IT! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME IF YOU THINK BUZZ WILL EVEN LOOK AT YOU NOW!
UGS
DRUG
OH, BUZZIE, DEAR! YOU'RE SO DARLING! YOU MEAN ALL THIS CANDY AND FLOWERS ARE JUST FOR 'ITTLE ME?
?
?
SURE, BABY! SWEETS TO THE SWEET! THIS IS JUST MY WAY OF TELLING YOU HOW I'VE ENJOYED ALL OUR DATES THIS WEEK!
-I-I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! WHY, I-THAT IS...
OH, I COULD KILL THAT FAKER, B. S. MENDHEART! IT'S ALL HIS FAULT!
6

B. S. MENDHEART??? YOU MEAN YOU FOLLOWED HIS ADVICE, TOO?
YES! AND HE'S NO GOOD!
I'D LIKE TO GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND!
SO WOULD I! SAY! WHY NOT DO JUST THAT? I KNOW WHERE HE LIVES!
GROCERY
THERE! THAT'S THE HOUSE!
GOLLY! SOUNDS LIKE A BOILER FACTORY! LISTEN TO THAT NOISE!
B.S. MENDHEART
MR. MENDHEART, WE HAVE A FEW THINGS TO TELL YOU!
ALL RIGHT, BUT BE QUICK! I'VE ONLY GOT A MINUTE!
WE TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND IT WORKED OUT TERRIBLY! AS A REFEREE FOR AFFAIRS OF THE HEART, YOU'RE A DISMAL FLOP! IN FACT, WE DON'T THINK YOU'D KNOW WHAT TO DO FOR A SIMPLE FAMILY QUARREL!
THAT'S WRONG! I MOST CERTAINLY WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO FOR THAT AND I'LL TELL YOU THE ANSWER! YOU'VE GOT TO...
RUN LIKE MAD!!
YOU WORM! YOU CAD! YOU..!
THE END

STITCHIN' TIME

SEND **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (*IN COINS*) FOR EACH PATTERN TO
MISS AMERICA,
PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
BOX 235, STATION O,
NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK.

FIFTEEN CENTS FOR THE SUMMER PATTERN BOOK WITH A FREE PATTERN PRINTED RIGHT IN THE BOOK.

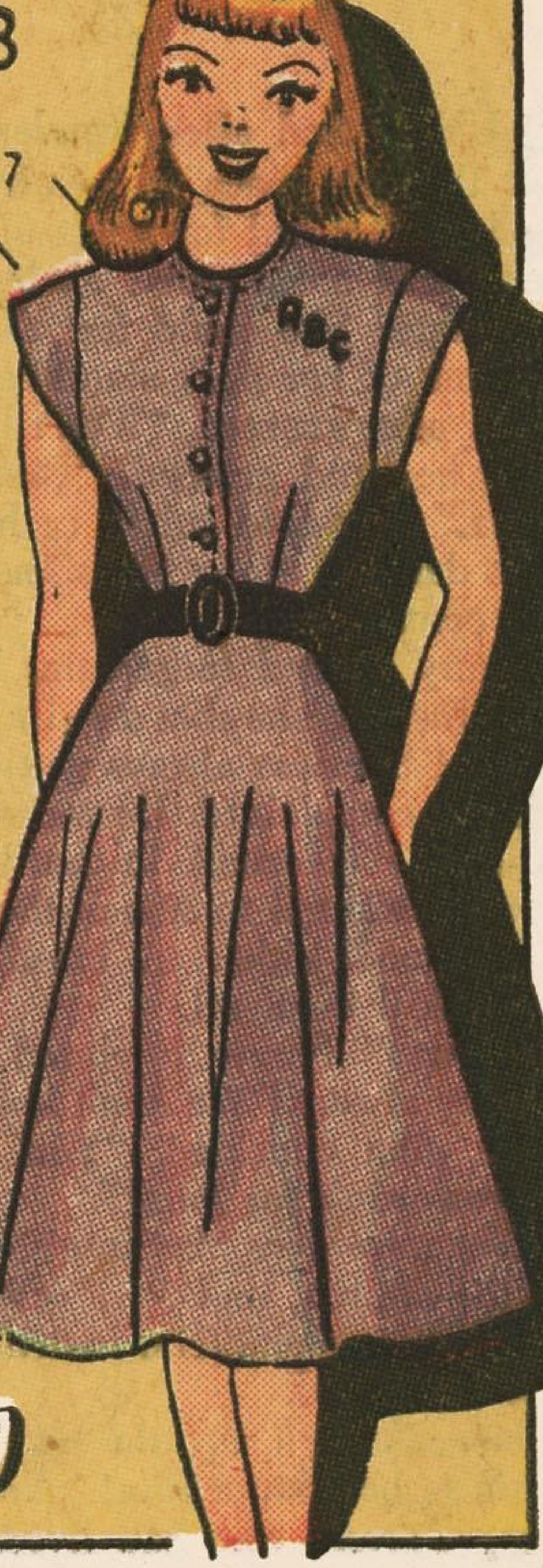


9280

SIZES 10-16

9280

IT'S TIME TO SHINE, AND HERE'S AN ADORABLE FROCK TO DO IT IN! IT PROUDLY FEATURES CUTE PUFF SLEEVES, GATHERED NECKLINE, A COYLY LIFTED HEM WITH A SUGGESTION OF A RUFFLED PETTICOAT--- A VERY NEW SLICK TRICK! TEEN-AGE SIZES 10, 12, 14, 16 SIZE 12 TAKES 3⅝ YARDS OF 35-INCH MATERIAL.

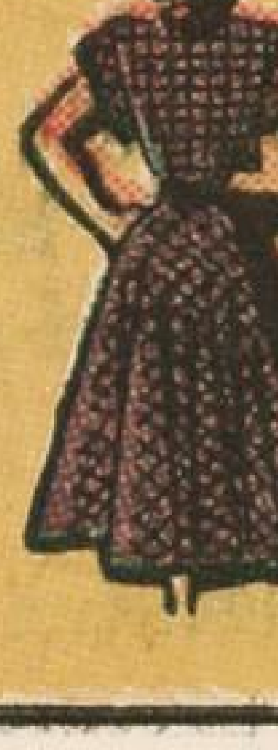


9483

SIZES 11—17

9483

YOURS FOR THE SEWING! YOU'RE SURE TO CATCH A SMILE OF APPROVAL FROM EVERYONE IN THIS COOL AND COMFORTABLE CASUAL. STARRING THE NEW SILHOUETTE.. FITS YOUR BODICE AND WAIST CLOSELY, AND THE WHIRLY SEMI-CIRCULAR SKIRT HAS BUT ONE SEAM. COMES IN JR. MISS SIZES 11, 13, 15, 17. SIZE 13 TAKES 3⅛ YARDS OF 39 IN. MATERIAL. TRANSFER FOR INITIALS INCLUDED.

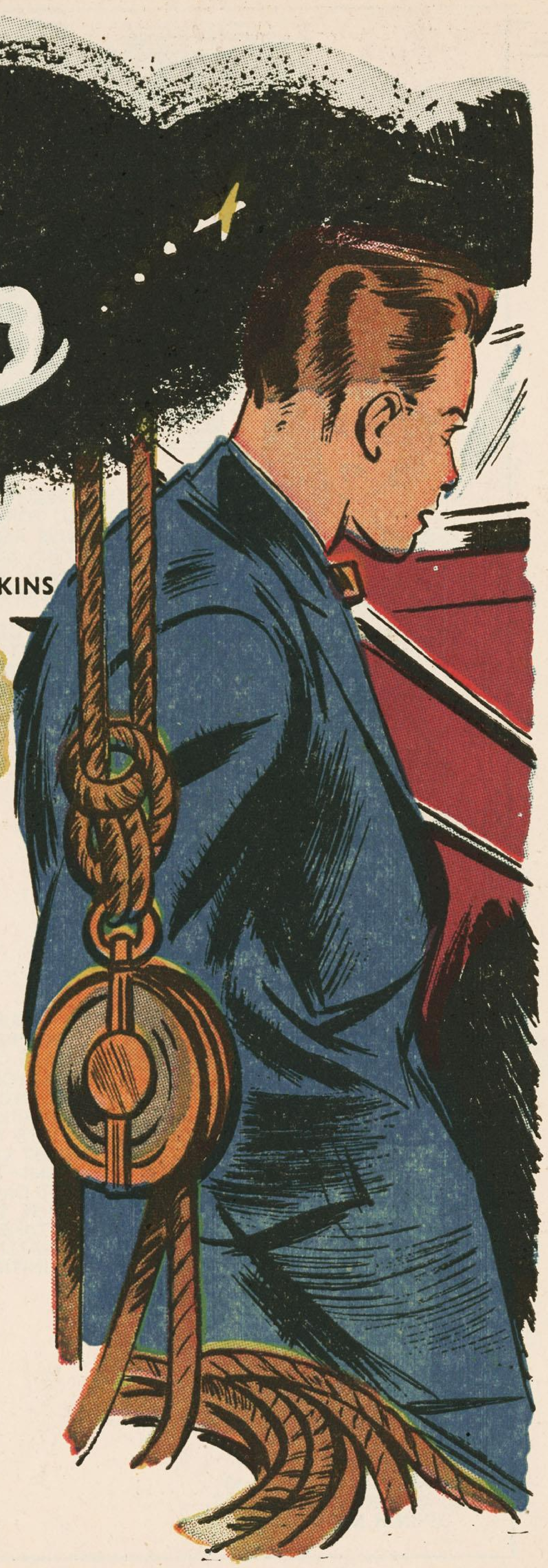


ONE PIECE SKIRT

Sky Trap

By JEAN ATKINS

DID ANY OF YOUR DREAMS EVER COME TRUE? ONE OF BUNNY'S DID—BUT SHE NEVER EXPECTED IT TO HAPPEN THE WAY IT DID!



BUNNY had often wondered how it felt to soar through space in an airplane. Now she knew! She had dreamed for years of this moment. And her dream had come true . . . but it had turned into a nightmare! She could feel the taffy-colored hair on the back of her neck standing up.

The pilot grunted, "Won't be long now." He turned to her and grinned. "Pretty soon you'll be out at sea." The cold mirth in his voice sent ominous chills dancing along her spine. ". . . And you won't ever come back!"

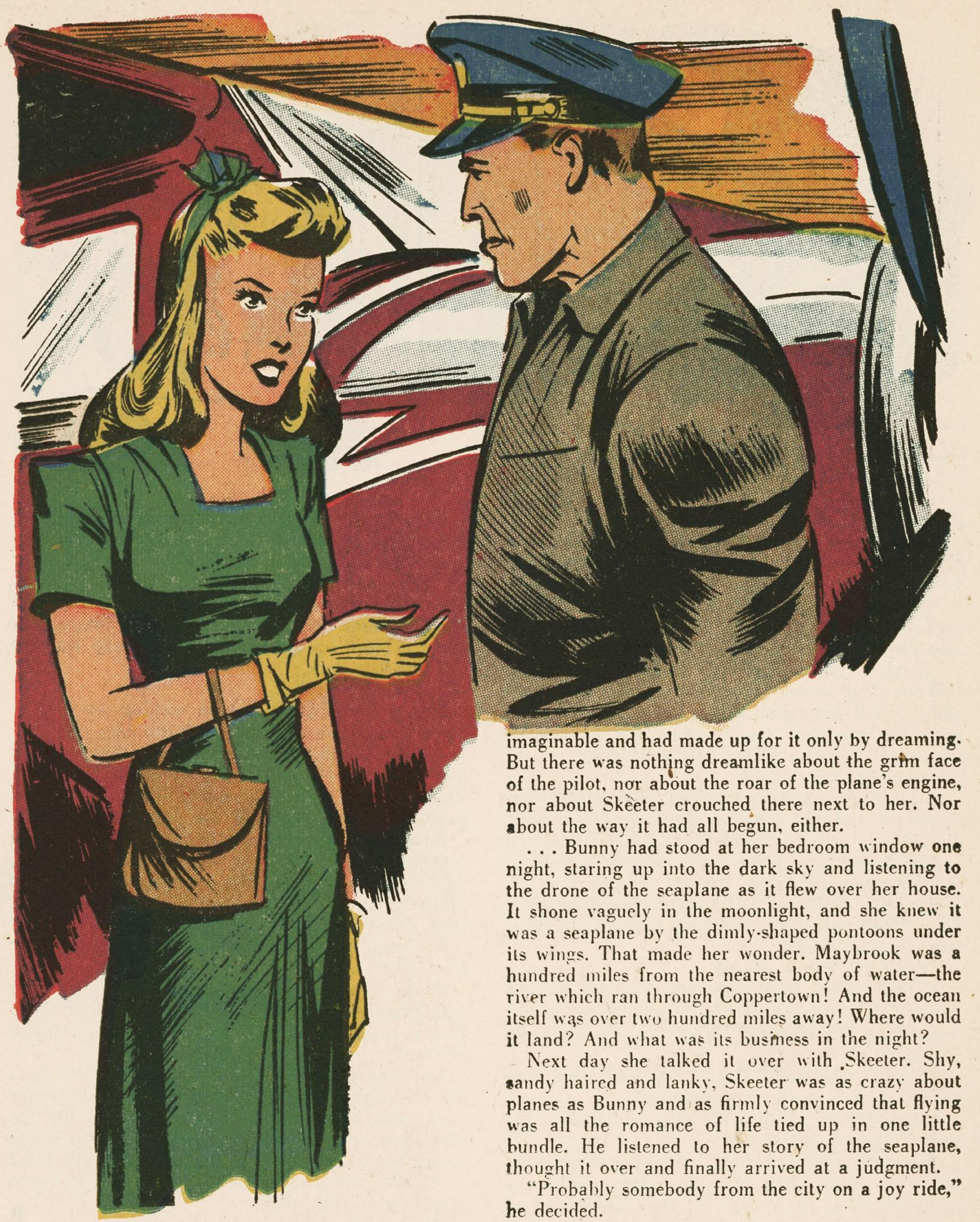
Bunny wanted to scream, but that would do no good. Instead, she shot a swift glance at Skeeter. Poor Skeeter! She was always getting him into jams, and he never complained. He was sitting, tense and white, his hands clenched in hard-knuckled lumps. She knew he wanted to attack the pilot, but that would do no good, either. A crash at this height would merely kill them all.

"Please!" Bunny implored the pilot. "We won't ever say a word! We don't know anything, anyway."

The pilot chuckled. "You kids know too much. But you won't for long!"

They were over Maybrook now. Bunny could pick out the church, and . . . yes, there was her house, with the green shutters. It drifted slowly out of sight as she watched.

She sank back into the seat next to the pilot. This couldn't be happening! Not to sixteen-year-old Bunny Burton, who had lived the most prosaic life imaginable and had made up for it only by dreaming. But there was nothing dreamlike about the grim face of the pilot, nor about the roar of the plane's engine, nor about Skeeter crouched there next to her. Nor about the way it had all begun, either.



"Is this your plane, mister?" she asked, trying to achieve a friendly tone.

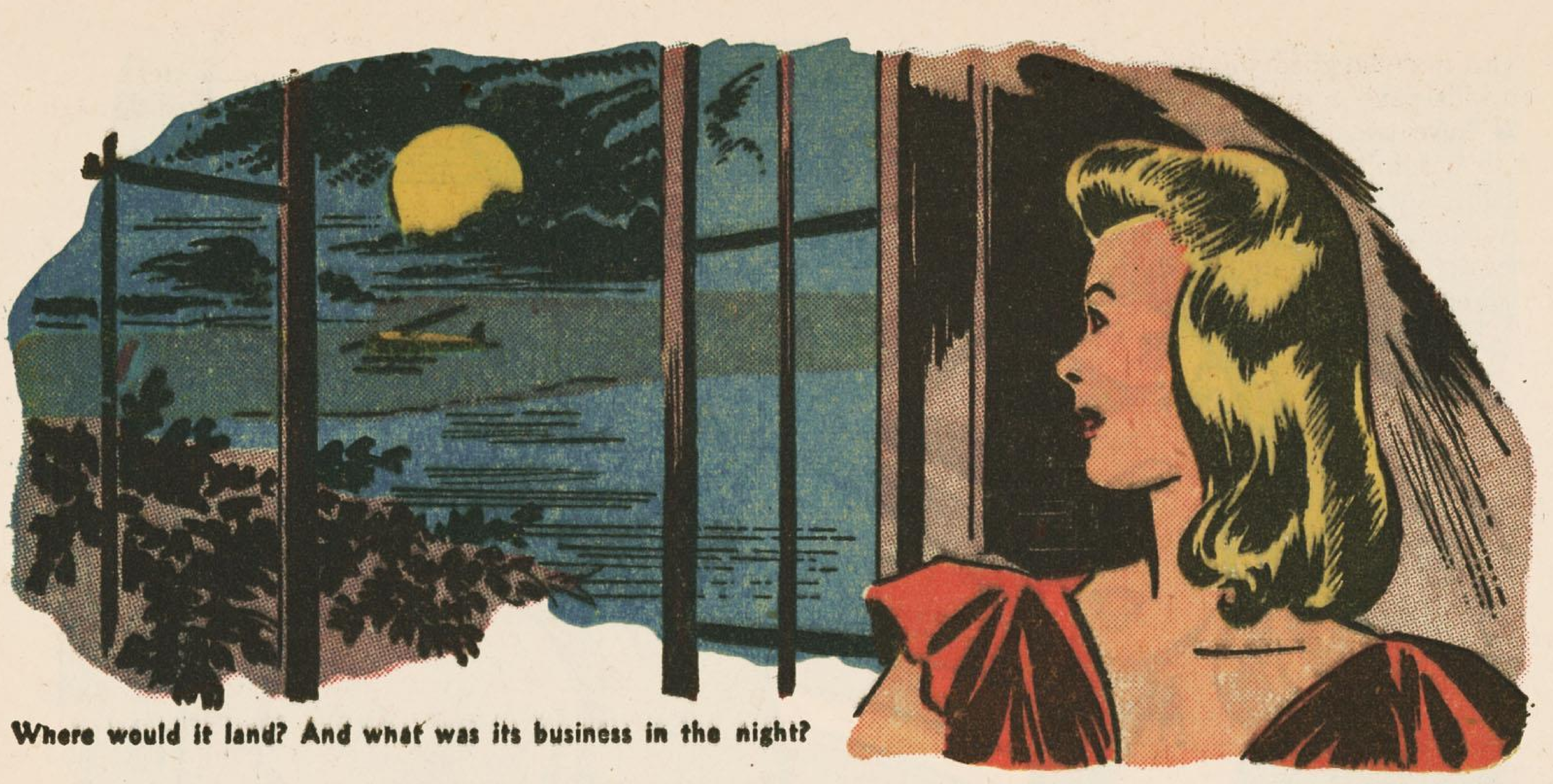
. . . Bunny had stood at her bedroom window one night, staring up into the dark sky and listening to the drone of the seaplane as it flew over her house. It shone vaguely in the moonlight, and she knew it was a seaplane by the dimly-shaped pontoons under its wings. That made her wonder. Maybrook was a hundred miles from the nearest body of water—the river which ran through Coppertown! And the ocean itself was over two hundred miles away! Where would it land? And what was its business in the night?

Next day she talked it over with Skeeter. Shy, sandy haired and lanky, Skeeter was as crazy about planes as Bunny and as firmly convinced that flying was all the romance of life tied up in one little bundle. He listened to her story of the seaplane, thought it over and finally arrived at a judgment.

"Probably somebody from the city on a joy ride," he decided.

But that didn't explain why, once or twice a week thereafter, Bunny heard the plane—and always at night. It was a puzzle she tried to forget, but every few days that dark roar would remind her.

Meanwhile, the ordinary affairs of life went on. But one Saturday over the breakfast table Pop grinned at her as if he had a surprise—and broke the



Where would it land? And what was its business in the night?

suspense right away.

"I'm driving over to Coppertown. Like to come along? You could buy that suit with the 'New Look' we've been talking about."

"Definitely," she agreed. Then, "Something cooking in Coppertown, Pop?" Her father was a field man for the Treasury Department.

"Jewelry," he said briefly. "Be ready at one."

When Pop started answering briefly, he wasn't going to tell you much. Bunny knew better than to press the question. "Can I bring Skeeter along?" she asked. "I had a biking date with him."

Pop smiled his consent.

. . . Coppertown was a hundred miles inland from Maybrook, and it was close to three when Pop pulled the sedan to a stop in front of the bank. "Here," he handed Bunny some bills, "here's twenty-five dollars. Use your own judgment. I've got work to do." He jumped out of the car and bustled toward the bank door. "Meet you at six," he flung over his shoulder. "Have a good time."

"You bet!" Bunny gasped.

Skeeter sniffed contemptuously. For the moment Bunny'd forgotten about him. "Don't know why I came along," he muttered, "if all you're going to do is shop."

"It won't take long," Bunny promised, "and then we can go to a movie or something."

"Guess I'll go down to the river and look at the boats." Skeeter ambled off.

"Sure, I'll meet you there," Bunny said absently, full of her plans. First, of course, a thorough survey of all the dress shop windows. One didn't want to rush into a shop and have the pleasure over in a minute.

Some minutes later Bunny arrived at the embankment at the foot of Main Street. She'd scanned all the shop windows along the way, and now her mind was in a dizzy jumble. Should she get that navy blue, or the green and black, or that cunning Scotch plaid? Thoughtfully, she joined Skeeter at the railing of the embankment and gazed at the scene below.

The wide, lazy Northern River flowed slowly along down there on its trip to the sea, nearly three hundred miles away. Bunny ran her eyes carelessly over the piers and the small boats anchored at them. Then, suddenly, her eyes widened, and she forgot all about patterns and color schemes and dresses. For there, a block up the river, a lovely little seaplane was tied to a dock.

"Look!" she yelled.

Skeeter laughed. "I've been waiting for you to notice that. Come on, let's give it the once-over."

Arriving at the dock, the seapane didn't appear quite so little, but it was still lovely. Its lines were slim and trim, and the gleaming silver and maroon paint job was . . . well, it was just darling!

Bunny stepped cautiously out onto the dock, with Skeeter at her heels. She looked about carefully, then, growing bolder, crept up to a window of the plane and gazed into its interior. Maroon leather seats, black and silver instrument panel . . .

A sharp, hard voice bellowed, "Hey, get away from there, kids!"

Bunny spun around. They'd been so absorbed they hadn't noticed the man coming up behind them. Bunny swallowed hard. "We were just . . . just looking!"

The man scowled at them suspiciously. "I don't like trespassers. Beat it!" His face was a cold, angry mask, and Bunny stepped back fearfully. But the pilot's cap on the man's head and his leather jacket caused her to linger. She'd just had a fantastic idea!

"Is this your plane, mister?" she asked, trying to achieve a friendly tone.

He grunted.

"And is it for hire?"

The man's jaw dropped in astonishment. "Huh?"

"You see," Bunny confided in a nervous rush, "we've always wanted to ride in a plane, but we've never had the chance before. Of course, I know it'd be expensive, but we can pay you!"

Skeeter thought of the one dollar in his pocket and looked uncomfortable.

The man laughed unpleasantly. "How much can you kids pay—a quarter?"

"I have twenty-five dollars," Bunny drew herself up to her full five feet, "and I'll pay you whatever you think it's worth."

At that, the man's little eyes darted over them shrewdly. "It's twenty-five dollars for a half-hour," he stated, "payable in advance."

"That much?" Bunny drew back in dismay. That wouldn't leave her a cent to buy the suit. But, she asked herself, which did she want more, a suit or a ride in an honest-to-goodness seaplane? "All right," she said decisively, "here's the money. Come on, Skeeter!"

The pilot fingered the bills, tucked them into a pocket and pulled open the door of the plane. "Hop in, kids." His tone had a slight—very slight—edge of respect to it now.

Bunny's heart did excited little leaps as they taxied down the river. The pontoons cut the water like a knife, gaining speed, and then suddenly they were in the air. It was wonderful, better even than Bunny had hoped.

In a minute they were high above Coppertown. Bunny stared down, wondering what Pop would say if he knew she were up here, soaring on what was practically a magic carpet. Her eyes caught the ribbon of road winding over the level country toward Maybrook—then it came to her.

"This must be the plane," she looked at Skeeter, "that flies over Maybrook at night." She turned to the pilot. His face was creased in an ugly frown. "Is it?"

"Shut up!" the pilot gritted. Then he amended it to, "I mean, don't ask so many questions. All you're paying for is the ride."

Bunny sighed. He was certainly an unsocial person, she decided. And, besides, he made one feel that maybe there was something peculiar about those night flights. But too many wonderful things were happening for Bunny to stop and brood right now. She watched delightedly as the plane whisked through a tiny cloud.

"I'd love to learn to fly," she said conversationally.

The pilot gave her a hard look, but didn't reply. Instead, he pulled back on the stick, and the plane went into a steep climb. Bunny felt as if she'd been caught in an express elevator. It was one way to discourage a girl from talking, she decided.

The plane climbed steadily. "Hang on!" the pilot snapped, and flipped the plane over on its back, forming a loop, and they hung in the air upside down for a moment. Then . . . Bunny felt herself tumbling!

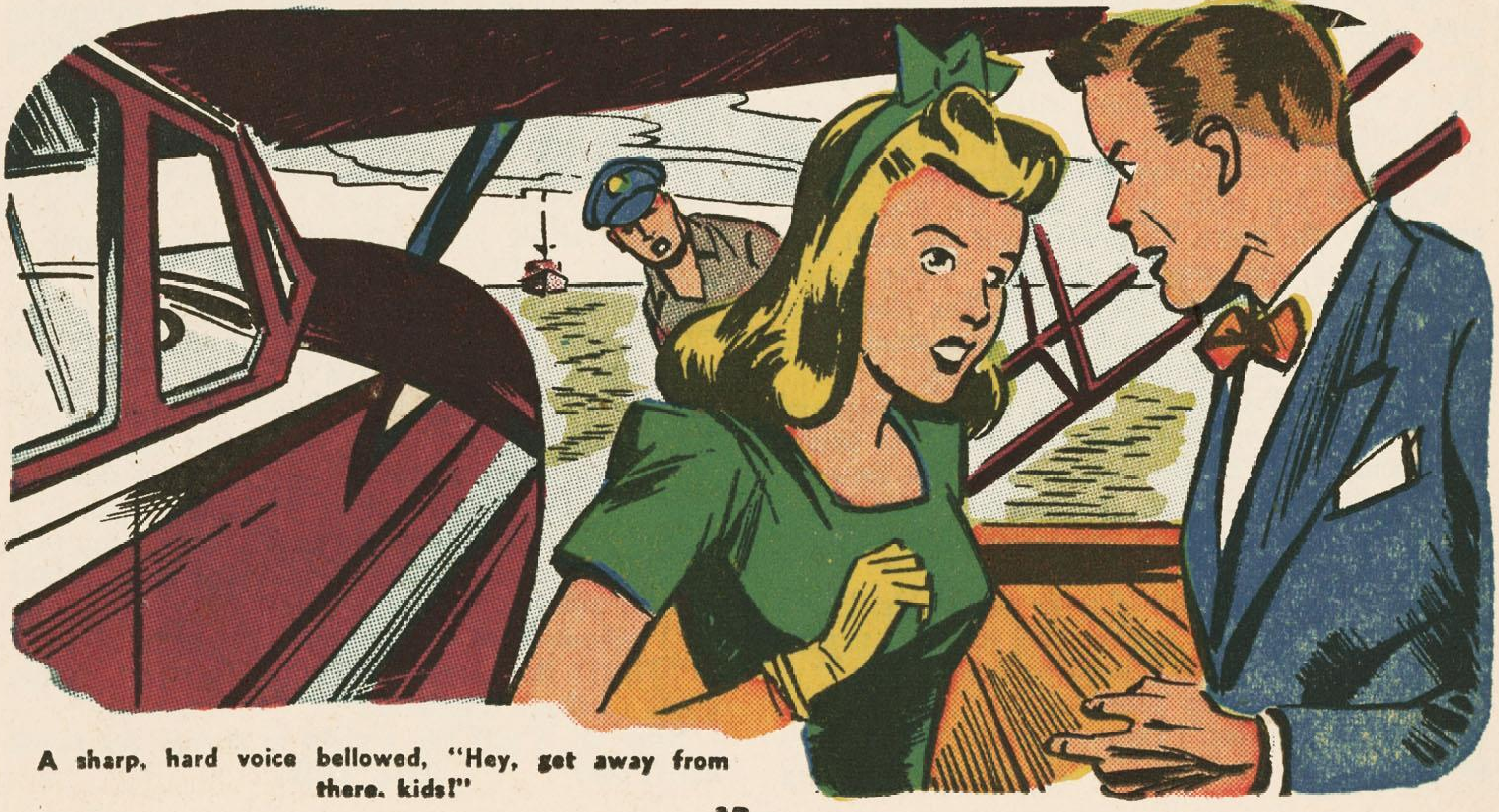
Her safety belt, insecurely fastened when she entered the plane, had come undone. Her hands stretched out to grab something to hang onto, and one hand caught the door of the little compartment below the instrument panel. It pulled open, but Bunny hung on grimly till the pilot righted the plane.

She had taken a couple of very deep breaths and pushed the hair out of her eyes when Skeeter said, "Look!" His voice sounded hollow and stunned. At that instant the pilot saw it, too. A box had slid out of the open compartment and smashed on the floor, and now the floor boards were covered with bright, glinting little stones.

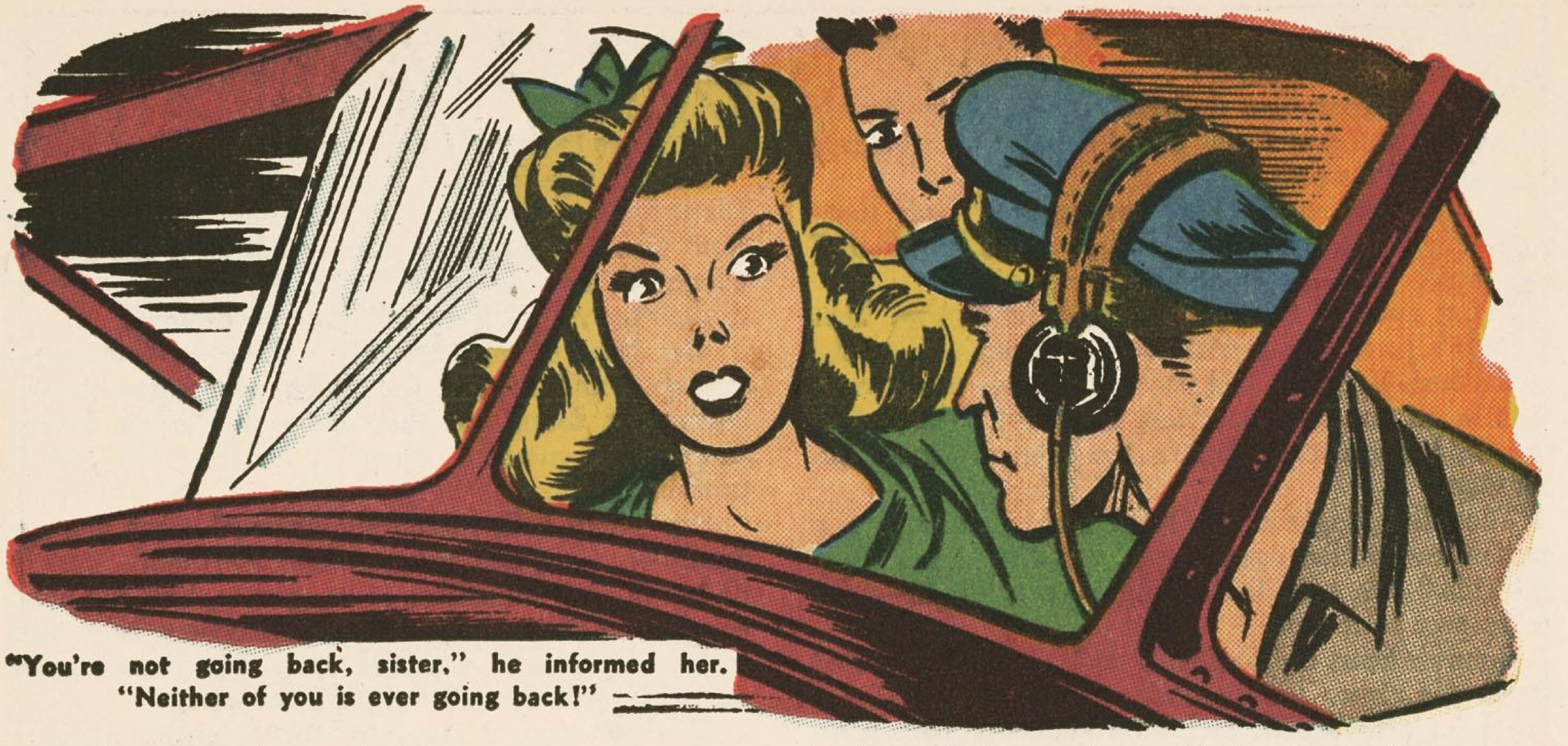
Bunny stared stupidly a moment. Then—"Jewelry!" she cried. "Hundreds of little diamonds!" She turned to the pilot, her mouth open in astonishment.

The pilot's face was no mask now. There was fear written in it—and murder! "Pick 'em up," he ordered. Bunny sat stunned. "Pick 'em up!" he repeated, and his words were like sparks struck from a flint.

Bunny stooped and replaced the jewels in the box. This man, and this plane, must be part of the jewelry racket her Pop had come to Coppertown to investigate! And those night flights . . . he'd been flying inland from the ocean! Were she and Skeeter mixed



A sharp, hard voice bellowed, "Hey, get away from there, kids!"



"You're not going back, sister," he informed her. "Neither of you is ever going back!"

up with a gang of smugglers?

She tried to keep her voice calm. "You may take us back now." She looked out the window and noticed they weren't over Coppertown any more.

The pilot's face was set with purpose. "You're not going back, sister," he informed her. "Neither of you is ever going back!"

A slow, prickling chill ran up Bunny's back. "Then . . . where are we going?"

"Out to sea—where you can tell the little fish all about what you've just seen." The pilot seemed to be in high humor now that his mind was made up. "Meanwhile, you kids better enjoy the plane ride—your first and last!"

It was then that Bunny felt an almost irresistible desire to scream. But she knew it wouldn't do any good. Skeeter grasped her hand, and the pressure seemed to start a new flood of courage through her veins.

"So you want to learn to fly?" the pilot continued with grim humor. "Well, I'll show you . . . now it won't do you any good!" He went into a long discourse about flaps, propellers, ailerons, instruments, punctuated with chuckles. It was like a cat playing with a mouse, and Bunny didn't appreciate the game.

Wisps of fog came up to meet the plane as it approached the ocean. They were over the coast line, and the fog was growing thicker. "We're nearly there," the pilot growled to himself. The plane continued till they were about a mile from shore. Then it circled around, hunting for something.

Bunny peered down through the banks of fog, and her eyes caught on a large fishing sloop far below, silent and unlit. The pilot pushed the stick forward, and the plane nosed down. It struck the water a hundred yards from the sloop and taxied smoothly over the water.

"Well, this is the end of your plane ride, kids," the pilot grated. "Now you're going to take a trip on that fishing boat—out a hundred miles or so."

"And then?" Bunny breathed.

The pilot chuckled. "Then—say, it's funny there's no signal from the boat . . ." He peered into a fog bank, and his smile suddenly vanished, his eyes turning ugly and scared.

Bunny saw it, too. There was a glint through the fog—then suddenly there came rushing out at them a motorboat. Uniformed men were aboard it, guns in hand.

"Cops!" the pilot grunted. He gunned the plane's engine, taxied directly toward the fishing boat, picking up speed. He'd have to lift the plane out of the water in seconds, or crash . . . Skillfully, he eased the stick back.

It was the chance Bunny had been waiting for, remembering his lesson on how to handle a plane. She threw herself at him, jerked the stick out of his startled hands and shoved it forward. Simultaneously, Skeeter threw an arm around the pilot's neck, squeezing hard. The plane settled back into the water, still rushing toward the sloop. With a terrified yell, the pilot tossed Skeeter back, reached for the stick . . . but it was too late! There was a splintering crash as the fragile plane rammed into the fishing boat. Then, to Bunny, there was only blackness.

. . . "Why . . . why, this is home!" Bunny opened astonished eyes and gazed around the familiar room.

"That's right!" Pop's face bent over her. "It's all over now—just take it easy."

Bunny shook her head. "It's like coming out of a dream . . . Where's Skeeter?"

Skeeter's face swam into focus, grinned at her. "The whole gang is captured," he told her. "The pilot was the ringleader, and thanks to us, he's now in jail on a charge of smuggling—*and* kidnapping." He chuckled. "And you got your plane ride!"

"I never want another like that!" Bunny shuddered. "Matter of fact, if I never see a plane again . . ."

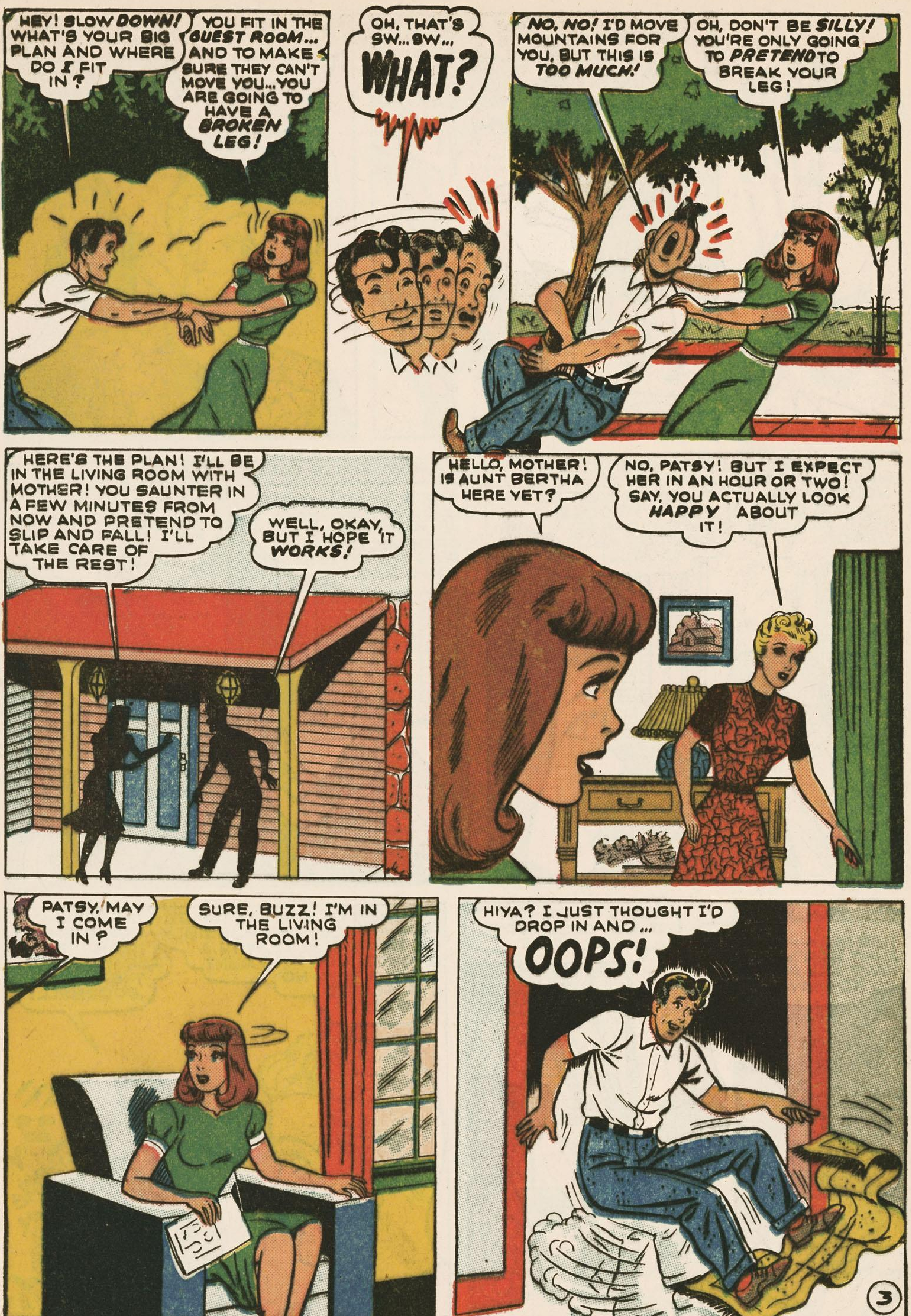
Skeeter's blue eyes were dancing. "That's too bad. You see, the reward we're getting for the pilot's capture will just pay for a course of flying lessons. So I submitted an application for both of us . . ."

"What!" Bunny couldn't believe her ears. "Why, that . . . that's wonderful!"

After all, a girl has a right to change her mind, hasn't she? THE END

PATSY WALKER
WELCOME, AUNT B-BERTHA!
"PEST OF A GUEST!"
3142
WHAT IS IT, MOTHER?
IT'S A LETTER FROM AUNT BERTHA! SHE IS COMING TO *VISIT* US!
WHAT? OH, NO, NO! THAT OLD *SOURPUSS*? GOLLY, SHE *HATES* ANYONE WHO HAS A *GOOD TIME*!
PATSY, PLEASE! REMEMBER, EVEN THOUGH SHE'S A BIT ECCENTRIC, SHE IS, NEVERTHELESS, A VERY *FINE* WOMAN!
1

YES, AND VERY WEALTHY, TOO! STILL, SHE'S ALWAYS MAD! AND THE LAST TIME SHE WAS HERE SHE BLEW A FUSE, EVERY TIME I WENT TO A PARTY OR DANCE!
IT'S JUST THAT SHE BELIEVES YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY ARE IRRESPONSIBLE! SOMETIMES I'M INCLINED TO AGREE!
ANYWAY, SHE'S COMING AND YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE HER STAY PLEASANT! YOU'LL GIVE UP YOUR GOOD TIMES AND FRIENDS FOR A FEW WEEKS! I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND ENTERTAINING AUNT BERTHA NOT TOO UNPLEASANT!
FATE HAS DEALT ITS CRUELEST BLOW!
HEY, PATSY! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK LIKE THE WORLD WAS COMING TO AN END!
OH, BUZZ, IT'S WORSE THAN THAT! MY RICH, OLD AUNT BERTHA IS RETURNING FOR ANOTHER VISIT!
OH, OH! THAT IS BAD! I REMEMBER HER LAST VISIT! SHE DIDN'T LET YOU GO OUT ON A DATE FOR ALMOST TWO WEEKS!
HOW COULD I? SHE'S ALWAYS IN THE GUEST ROOM OFF THE HALL! EVERY TIME I'D TRY TO LEAVE, SHE'D SPOT ME! OH, WHAT'LL WE DO, BUZZ? I COULDN'T STAND ANOTHER TWO WEEKS WITH AUNT BERTHA!
GUEST ROOM, EH? LOOK, PATSY! S'POSE SHE COULDN'T STAY IN THE GUEST ROOM? WOULD THERE BE ANY OTHER ROOM FOR HER?
OH, NO, THAT'S THE ONLY AVAILABLE SPACE! BESIDES, SHE WOULDN'T STAY IN ANY OTHER ROOM! SHE LIKES THE GUEST ROOM!
THEN IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE! IF WE CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE THAT ROOM OCCUPIED, OR SOMETHING, AND... HEY!
I'VE GOT IT! IF THE ROOM IS OCCUPIED BY SOMEONE WHO CAN'T BE MOVED, THEN ... C'MON, BUZZ, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
2


HEY! SLOW DOWN! WHAT'S YOUR BIG PLAN AND WHERE DO I FIT IN?
YOU FIT IN THE GUEST ROOM... AND TO MAKE SURE THEY CAN'T MOVE YOU...YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE A BROKEN LEG!
OH, THAT'S SW...SW... WHAT?
NO, NO! I'D MOVE MOUNTAINS FOR YOU, BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!
OH, DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO PRETEND TO BREAK YOUR LEG!
HERE'S THE PLAN! I'LL BE IN THE LIVING ROOM WITH MOTHER! YOU SAUNTER IN A FEW MINUTES FROM NOW AND PRETEND TO SLIP AND FALL! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!
WELL, OKAY, BUT I HOPE IT WORKS!
HELLO, MOTHER! IS AUNT BERTHA HERE YET?
NO, PATSY! BUT I EXPECT HER IN AN HOUR OR TWO! SAY, YOU ACTUALLY LOOK HAPPY ABOUT IT!
PATSY, MAY I COME IN?
SURE, BUZZ! I'M IN THE LIVING ROOM!
HIYA? I JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN AND... OOPS!
3

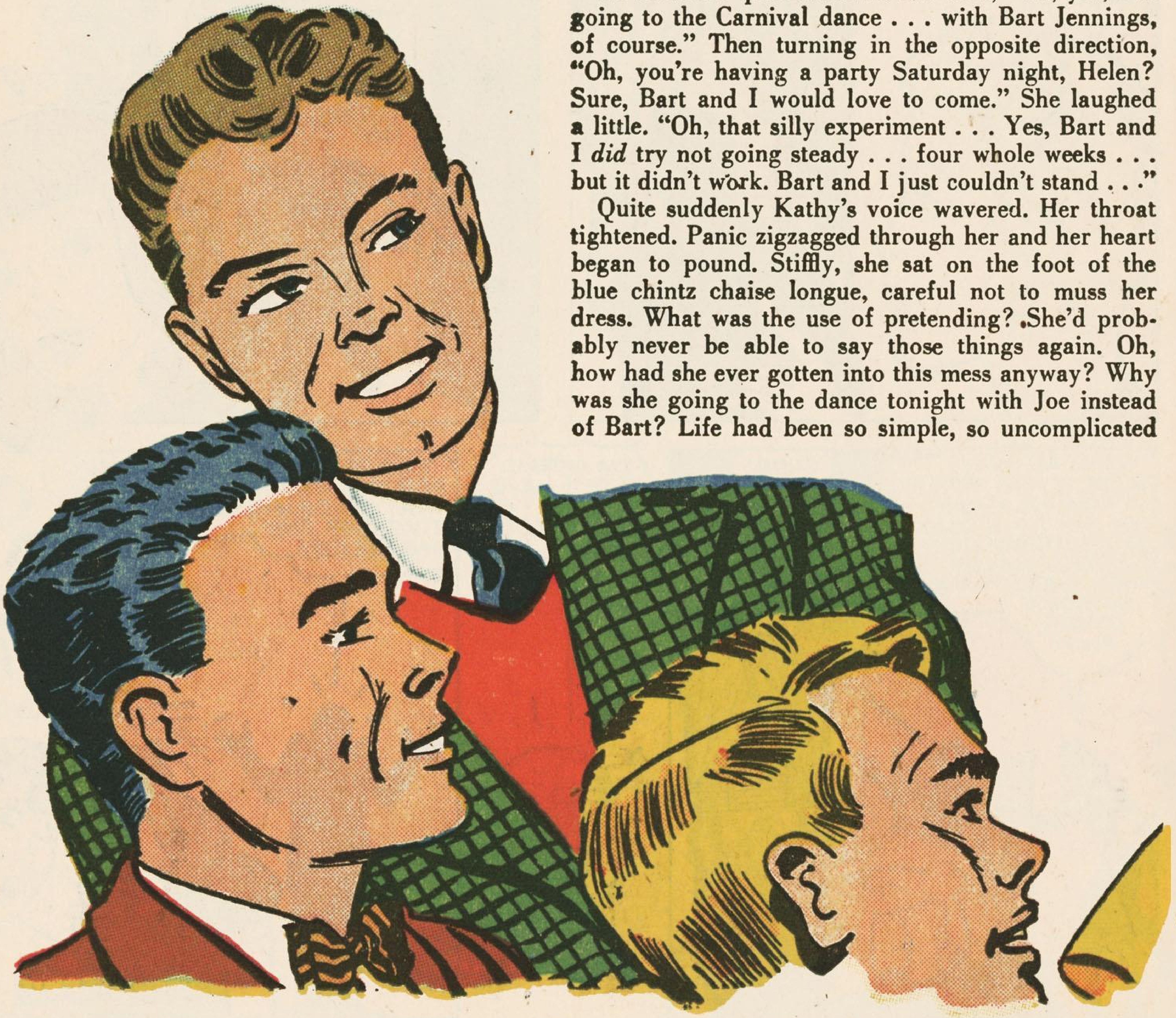
CRASH!
YOU CERTAINLY DROPPED IN! OH, BUZZY, ARE YOU HURT?
OWOOOOOOO!!!
OH, OUCH! I THINK MY LEG IS BROKEN!
OH, GOODNESS! I'LL CALL A DOCTOR!
DOCTOR?
YIPE! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS POSSIBILITY!
PSST... PATSY! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? WHEN THE DOC GETS HERE, WE'LL BE EXPOSED!
ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO! I'LL PUT A PLASTER CAST ON YOU! IF HE DOESN'T TAKE IT OFF, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL!
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
THE DOCTOR WON'T BE HERE FOR SEVERAL HOURS! THERE'S AN EPIDEMIC UPTOWN! PATSY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I-ER, FIGURED HE MIGHT NOT GET HERE, SO, I'M GIVING FIRST AID! NOW, I THINK WE'D BETTER GET HIM... ER... UPSTAIRS TO BED... UH... IN THE GUEST ROOM!
PLASTER OF PARIS
AND SO...
THIS IS AWFUL! NOW AUNT BERTHA WON'T HAVE ANY PLACE TO STAY!
YES, I KNOW, BUT ITJUST COULDN'T BE HELPED!
LATER...
OH, STANLEY, THINGS COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE WORSE! BUZZ WITH A BROKEN LEG AND AUNT BERTHA WITH NO PLACE TO STAY!
IT CERTAINLY HAS BEEN A TRYING DAY FOR YOU, DEAR! THERE'S THE DOORBELL!
R-R-R-RING
4

OH, DOCTOR SMITH, COME IN!
SORRY I'M LATE! HAD A *TERRIBLE* DAY! BAD EPIDEMIC UPTOWN! WHERE'S THE *PATIENT?*
YEP, DOC! IT REALLY...ER... HURTS *BAD!* OUCH!
HMM...CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON REMOVING THE CAST NOW! AT LEAST UNTIL THE *PAIN* IS GONE!
PSST...IT *WORKED,* BUZZ! AUNT BERTHA WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY! AS SOON AS SHE LEAVES, YOU CAN GET "WELL"!
THEN WE TAKE THE CAST OFF AND SAY IT MUST'VE BEEN JUST A *SPRAIN!*
DOCTOR, YOU'D BETTER GO HOME AND REST! YOU DON'T LOOK TOO WELL, YOURSELF...ESPECIALLY WITH THOSE *RED* BLOTCHES ON YOUR FACE!
RED BLOTCHES? HMM...I'D BETTER SEE THIS IN A *MIRROR!*
HEY, EVERYBODY! A *TELEGRAM!* AUNT BERTHA CAN'T COME NOW! SHE'S COMING 2 WEEKS FROM NOW, *INSTEAD!*
YIPE! ALL THIS FOR *NOTHING!*
WELL, ANYWAY, BUZZ, IT WAS *WORTH* IT! NOW WE KNOW WE CAN HAVE LOADS OF FUN IN THE NEXT 2 WEEKS! MAYBE THEN WE'LL THINK OF SOME OTHER PLAN!
SURE!
HEY, DOC! THE PAIN'S STOPPED! I'M SURE I'M OKAY NOW AND WILL BE ABLE TO GO HOME!
I'M AFRAID NOT! I HAVE *BAD NEWS!*
THIS PLACE IS QUARANTINED FOR THE NEXT *TWO WEEKS!* THAT EPIDEMIC GOT *ME!* *I'VE GOT THE MEASLES!*
OOOOH!
THE END
5

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS MAY HAVE WORLD-SHAKING RESULTS—BUT THEY HARDLY COMPARE TO THE RESULTS KATHY DISCOVERED WHEN HER OWN WORLD-SHAKING EXPERIMENT ENDED!

ROMANCE IS A TOSSUP

By JANE FLOWER PHILPY



STANDING before the big mirror, Kathy Karns watched the graceful folds of yellow organdy swirl about her slim ankles. Smiling, she took a step forward, fluffed out her long, golden hair.

To someone quite invisible she said, "Oh, yes, I'm going to the Carnival dance . . . with Bart Jennings, of course." Then turning in the opposite direction, "Oh, you're having a party Saturday night, Helen? Sure, Bart and I would love to come." She laughed a little. "Oh, that silly experiment . . . Yes, Bart and I *did* try not going steady . . . four whole weeks . . . but it didn't work. Bart and I just couldn't stand . . ."

Quite suddenly Kathy's voice wavered. Her throat tightened. Panic zigzagged through her and her heart began to pound. Stiffly, she sat on the foot of the blue chintz chaise longue, careful not to muss her dress. What was the use of pretending? She'd probably never be able to say those things again. Oh, how had she ever gotten into this mess anyway? Why was she going to the dance tonight with Joe instead of Bart? Life had been so simple, so uncomplicated when she and Bart were going steady. Why had they ever let the gang talk them into this silly experiment? Why?

"Just four weeks," Joe Thomson had said. "It would be a great experiment for you and Bart, Kathy. Each of you go out with other girls and boys for four weeks and see what happens."

Bart had laughed at the suggestion. And so had she. But the idea was contagious. The gang liked it. They too wanted to see what would happen.

"Come on, Bart," Marge Howe had said, "give the rest of us girls a break."

And from Joe, "What's the matter, Kathy? Are you afraid?"

"Of course not," Kathy laughed. And that had been the beginning.

But now that the four weeks was up Kathy *was* afraid . . . afraid Bart might have liked his freedom too well.

The doorbell shrieked. Downstairs Junie, her younger sister, skipped through the living room to answer its summons. In a moment her young voice shrilled, "Kathy, Joe's here!" And Kathy stood, a little tense, a little hesitant, inside her bedroom door.

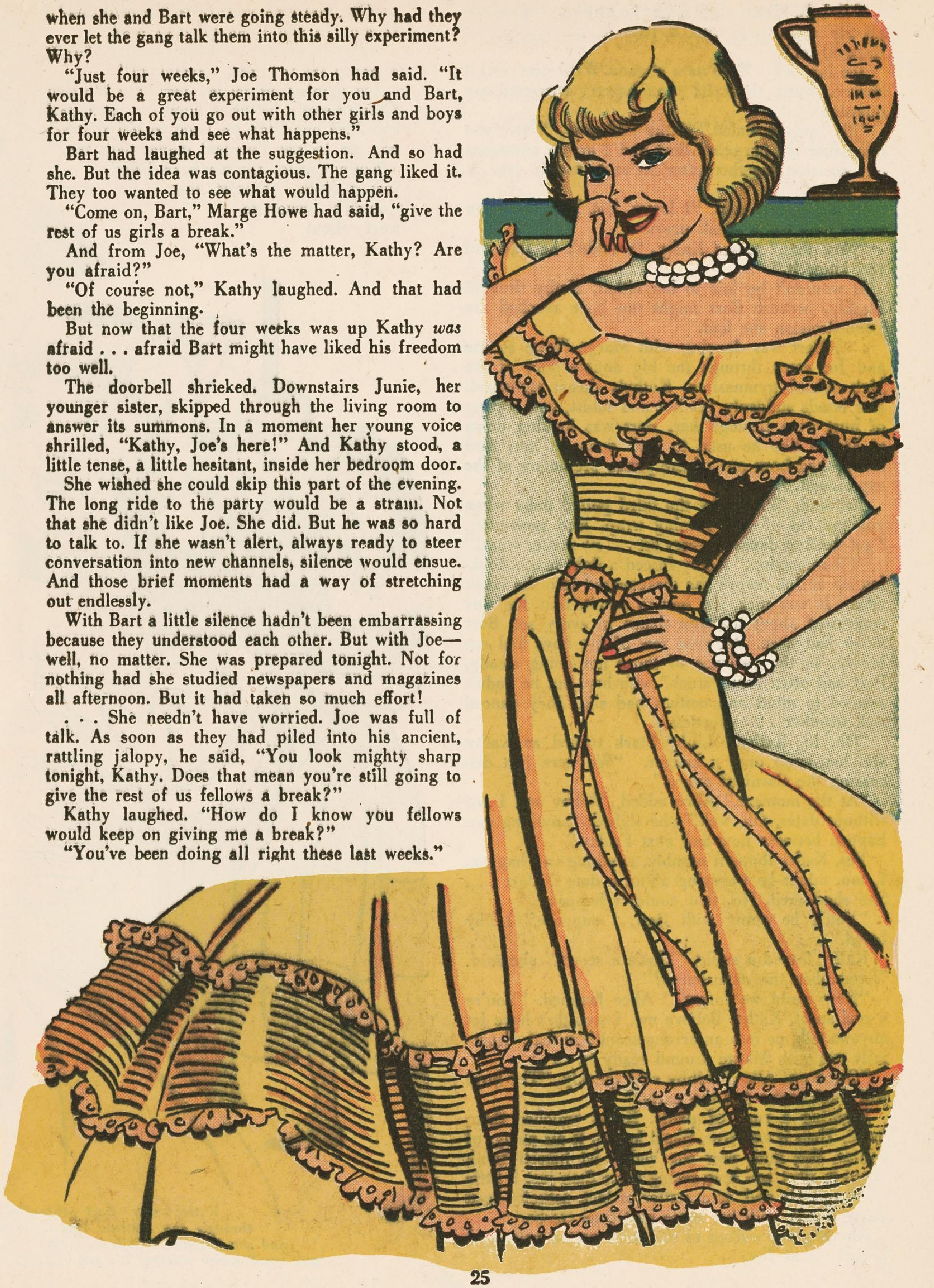
She wished she could skip this part of the evening. The long ride to the party would be a strain. Not that she didn't like Joe. She did. But he was so hard to talk to. If she wasn't alert, always ready to steer conversation into new channels, silence would ensue. And those brief moments had a way of stretching out endlessly.

With Bart a little silence hadn't been embarrassing because they understood each other. But with Joe—well, no matter. She was prepared tonight. Not for nothing had she studied newspapers and magazines all afternoon. But it had taken so much effort!

. . . She needn't have worried. Joe was full of talk. As soon as they had piled into his ancient, rattling jalopy, he said, "You look mighty sharp tonight, Kathy. Does that mean you're still going to give the rest of us fellows a break?"

Kathy laughed. "How do I know you fellows would keep on giving me a break?"

"You've been doing all right these last weeks."



"Uh-huh." Kathy forced her voice to be light. "But all my dates were just a part of an experiment. Remember?"

Joe laughed. "Give us a chance. We'll give you a chance. What about it? You haven't answered my question."

"My lips are sealed," Kathy said airly. "Don't you remember the bargain? Bart and I are to announce our decision together after we've talked it over at the party."

Grinning, Joe said, "I know. But I thought you might give me a sneak preview."

"Now that," teased Kathy, "wouldn't be fair and you know it."

It wouldn't be fair to her either, Kathy thought bleakly, because Bart might not have reached the same decision she had.

. . . Bart was dancing with Marge Howe as she and Joe came through the big double door of the high school gymnasium. Kathy's throat tightened. Her hands suddenly felt hot and moist, and a pang of hurt went through her. Bart was looking down at Marge like he used to look down at her. And Marge had been one of the prime promoters of the experiment.

Joe said, "I'll be by the third potted palm when you get rid of that evening wrap. And remember, I get the first dance of every set . . . no matter what!"

"I'll remember." Kathy forced a light laugh, looking up at Joe before she disappeared into the cloak room. It was nice, she had to admit, that Joe was concerned about the first dance in every set. Bart never had been. But then few of the boys had cut before. In the parlance of those not going steady, Bart had often been "stuck" with her. But he hadn't seemed to mind and neither had she. They danced well together . . . effortlessly.

"Oh, hi, Kathy." Libby Stark turned as Kathy slid her wrap onto a hanger. "We were just discussing the Carnival dance."

"At the moment," Alice added, "Libby and I are without dates. Oh, well," she sighed, "anything can happen between now and next Friday."

Yes, Kathy thought numbly, anything can happen. I, too, might be worrying about a date if Bart . . . She shuddered. No, that couldn't happen.

"You'll be going with Bart, I suppose," Libby bated.

Kathy forced a smile. "That's a secret," she said. "Remember the experiment?"

"How could we forget?" Alice laughed. "You're a real sport, Kathy. Believe me, I wouldn't have let anyone talk me into an arrangement like that. Especially not with Marge around ready to . . ."

"Come on, Alice," Libby said quickly. "The boys will think we've left the party."

Fighting a rush of panic, Kathy watched them leave. Then it was true. She'd known it all along, of course. But until now she hadn't let herself think about it. Bart had been seeing more than just a little of Marge. He had, as a matter of fact, actually been going steady with her these past four weeks.

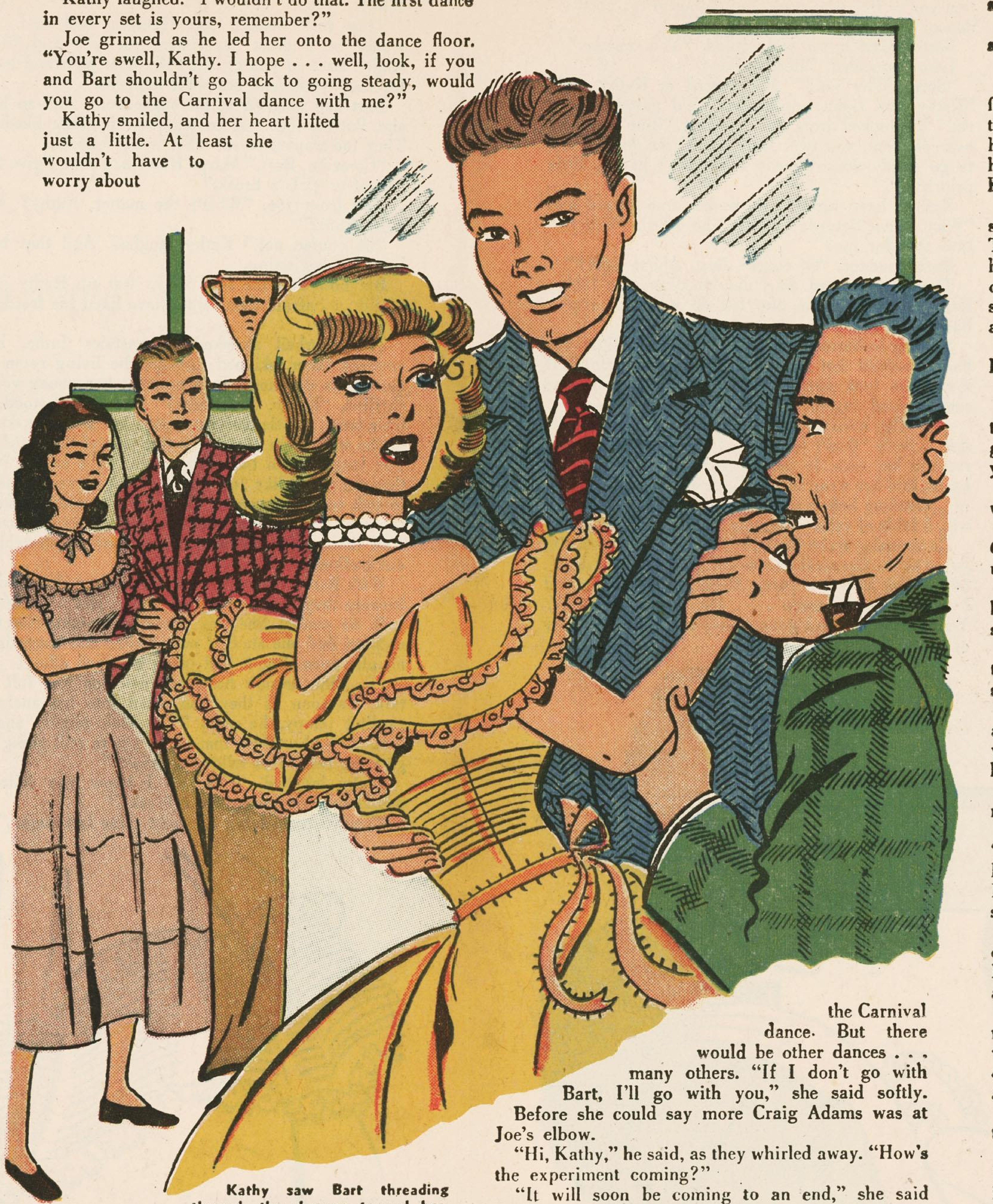
Numbly, she walked to the third potted palm and smiled up at Joe.

"Gee, you took your time," he said, half teasingly. "I thought you'd run off with Bart."

Kathy laughed. "I wouldn't do that. The first dance in every set is yours, remember?"

Joe grinned as he led her onto the dance floor. "You're swell, Kathy. I hope . . . well, look, if you and Bart shouldn't go back to going steady, would you go to the Carnival dance with me?"

Kathy smiled, and her heart lifted just a little. At least she wouldn't have to worry about the Carnival dance. But there would be other dances . . . many others. "If I don't go with Bart, I'll go with you," she said softly.



Kathy saw Bart threading through the dancers toward her, and she thought, this is it, Kathy . . . now you'll know whether it's you or Marge.

Before she could say more Craig Adams was at Joe's elbow.

"Hi, Kathy," he said, as they whirled away. "How's the experiment coming?"

"It will soon be coming to an end," she said lightly.

Craig frowned. "So it will. We had fun skating the other night, didn't we?"

"Uh-huh," Kathy said. "I'd forgotten skating was so much fun."

"Maybe we could do it again sometime," Craig said, "if . . ."

"Yes," Kathy said quickly. "maybe."

Bob King cut in then, and they circled the dance floor twice before Kathy saw Bart threading through the dancers toward her. A funny, roaring noise filled her head. Bob said something, but she didn't hear him. The roar got louder, and she thought, this is it, Kathy . . . now you'll know whether it's you or Marge.

She was in Bart's arms then, dancing, and he was smiling down at her. Her head cleared. She relaxed. The world seemed right and bright again. She didn't have to worry about following tricky dance steps . . . or even conversation. They glided across the floor silently, effortlessly. She didn't even worry too much about Marge.

At length Bart said, "I've been lonely without you, Kathy, terribly lonely."

"So have I," Kathy sighed.

"It was a silly experiment. I'm glad it's over. It takes so much effort to go out with other girls. I'm going to feel better now, knowing I can count on you."

Kathy held her breath. "Do . . . do you mean you want to go steady again?"

"Sure! You didn't ever think I wouldn't, did you? Gee, other girls are hard to talk to . . . and I'm so used to you."

This, Kathy told herself slowly, was what she had been waiting for, hoping for. Why, then, did she feel so queer? . . . so uncertain?

"You didn't seem to have much trouble talking to Marge." It just slipped out. She hadn't meant to say it.

"Marge?" Bart laughed a little. "Oh, sure, she's a good kid. I guess I did go out with her a lot. But, well, after the first few dates I guess I got used to her."

"Like you got used to me?" Strangely, there was no anger in her voice.

Bart's eyes had a lost, baffled look about them. "Well, no, not exactly. That is . . . Oh, I don't know, Kathy. All I know is that I'd like to go steady again. I'd like to be always sure of a date for dances and stuff."

Kathy felt herself stiffen. Why, she thought suddenly, that's what I've been thinking. It's not Bart I've wanted at all—just the security of knowing I'd always have a date.

And then quite suddenly a curtain lifted in Kathy's mind. Now that she'd had a chance to compare him with other boys she realized Bart wasn't as polite or as thoughtful as Craig, as interesting to talk to as Bob, or as good a dancer as Joe.

Bart said, "What's wrong, Kathy? Don't you want to go steady again? Don't you like me any more?"

Kathy looked up and smiled a little. "Of course, I like you, Bart . . . better than any boy I've ever known. But the trouble is that I've never really known any other boys."

"Oh," Bart said flatly.

"And you've never really known any other girls. We've gone steady for so long . . ."

"Oh," Bart said again. "Sure. I understand."

Kathy felt a stab of pain go through her. "But you don't understand, Bart, not at all. You said just a minute ago that it took too much effort to go out with other girls."

"Sure, but . . ."

"Well, don't you see? That's the whole trouble. We've been in a rut. We've depended on each other too long. But that doesn't mean . . ."

The music stopped abruptly, and so did Bart. His mouth was a thin, tense line and his face a little pale. "Here comes Joe," he said. "I'll see you around."

Kathy could have cried. She was all mixed up. She had hurt Bart. He hadn't understood.

"How about some punch?" Joe asked.

"Sure," Kathy nodded numbly. They threaded their way through the crowd. When they reached the refreshment bar Kathy said, "About the Carnival dance, Joe, I . . . I'd love to go with you."

Joe turned. His face lit up. "Gee, that's swell! Wait till I tell Craig. Hey, Craig!"

The whole gang surrounded them then. Girls asked questions. Boys lifted eyebrows and whistled.

Joe boasted, "She's going to the Carnival dance with me."

"And skating with me Saturday afternoon," Craig said. "Aren't you, Kathy?"

Kathy nodded, laughing feebly. She still felt a little numb. It would take a while, she supposed, to forget the look on Bart's face.

But suddenly her knees went weak. Her hands trembled. There was Bart on the edge of the crowd. For a moment or two he just stood there listening, the baffled look still on his face. Then Libby edged closer to him. "Well, Bart," she said, laughing, "now that you're free whom are you taking to the Carnival dance?"

Bart looked down and smiled. "You, maybe."

Libby squealed. "Really, Bart?"

"Sure. Why not?" He glanced at Kathy then. "Kathy was right, you know. We'd gotten into a rut." He looked from Joe to Craig. "But don't get overconfident, you two. Just because we decided not to go steady doesn't mean I shouldn't have a little priority!"

Kathy's heart turned over as he came toward her. "What about Saturday night?" he asked. "Will you save that for me?"

Kathy nodded. "Of course, Bart. About eight?"

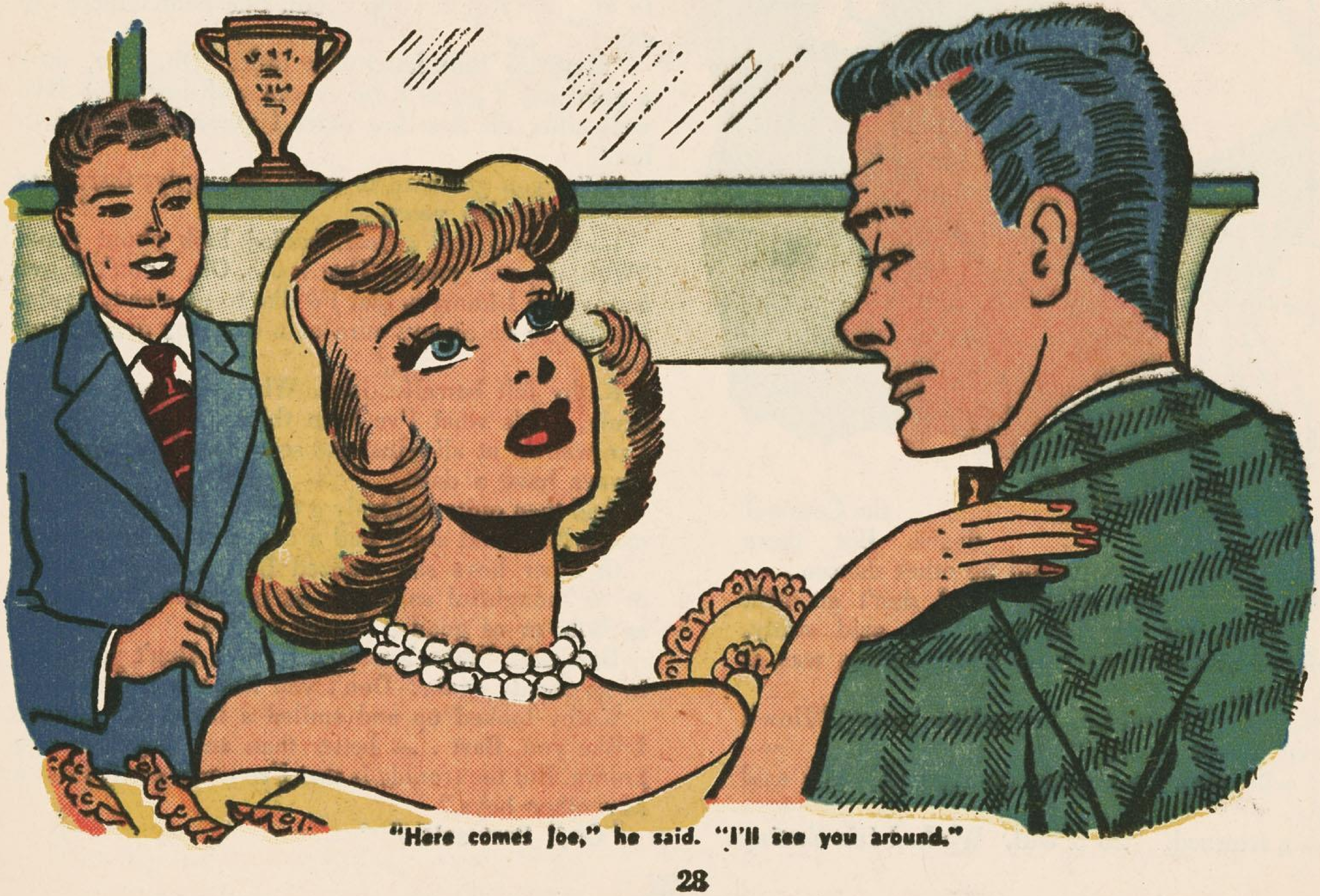
The music started. Bart danced away with Libby. Kathy watched them. She felt no pangs of regret. Bart understood.

Smiling to herself, she looked up at Joe. Why, she hadn't noticed that small cleft in his chin before! It made him look distinguished, sort of. And he was such a good dancer.

. . . The house was dark when she climbed the stairs. Joe's "Don't forget next Friday, Kathy" still rang in her ears. In her room she switched on the lights, laid her wrap on the blue chintz chaise longue. And standing before the big mirror, she watched the wilted folds of yellow organdy swirl about her ankles.

To someone quite invisible she said, "Oh, yes, I'm going to the Carnival dance—with Joe, of course . . . Oh, you're having a party, Helen? Sure, Craig and I would love to come . . . Oh, that experiment? Yes, Bart and I had gone steady too long . . . Silly of us, wasn't it?"

THE END



"Here comes Joe," he said. "I'll see you around."

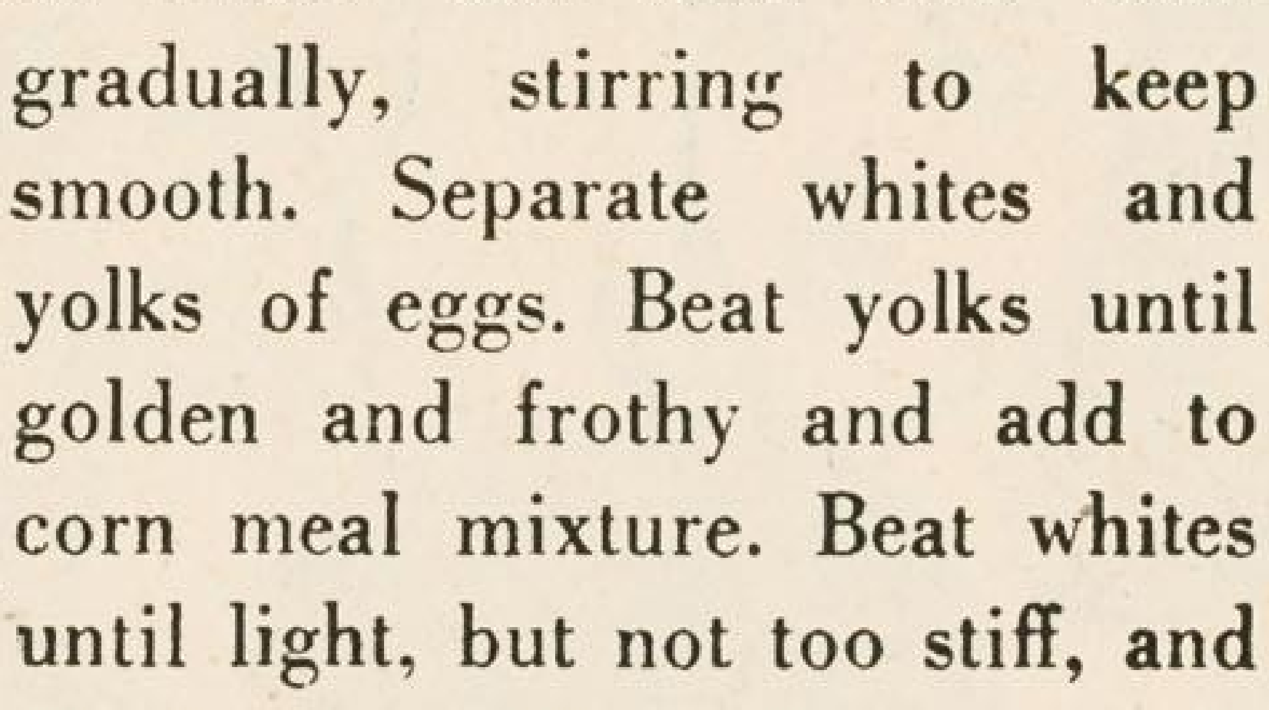
FOOD FOR FUN

SPOON BREAD

If you liked that pie, then you'll also go for Kate's own recipe for spoon bread. Spoon bread is not, as the name may suggest, a form of hot bread like a muffin or a biscuit. It's more like a soufflé and is usually put on the table in the baking dish in which it is cooked and dished out like baked corn, for instance. To make real Southern spoon bread, you must have

2 cups corn meal
1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons melted butter
3 eggs
1½ cups sweet milk
1 pint boiling water

Sift the meal two or three times, then dissolve in the boiling water, stirring and mixing until free from lumps. Add melted butter and salt. Add milk gradually, stirring to keep smooth. Separate whites and yolks of eggs. Beat yolks until golden and frothy and add to corn meal mixture. Beat whites until light, but not too stiff, and fold in last. Pour all into a buttered baking dish and bake in moderate oven about 35 minutes.



STEAK SIMPLICITY . . .

Want to impress? Try a steak sandwich. Sounds simple—but a good one is as hard to make as the fanciest dish.

Buy one inch thick steaks—remember, they shrink a bit during cooking—and broil them by putting them under the broiler, or over charcoal, or searing them in a blazing hot iron pan, and then cooking until just pink inside. Spread them with softened butter into which has been worked a goodly quantity of chives, finely minced. If no chives are available, substitute minced watercress.

If you have bought small enough steaks, you can use one per person, and serve them between buttered slices of bread, or atop well buttered English muffins. If a large steak has been your choice, cut it in slices to fit the bread or muffin. Spread the bread or muffin with mustard if you like.

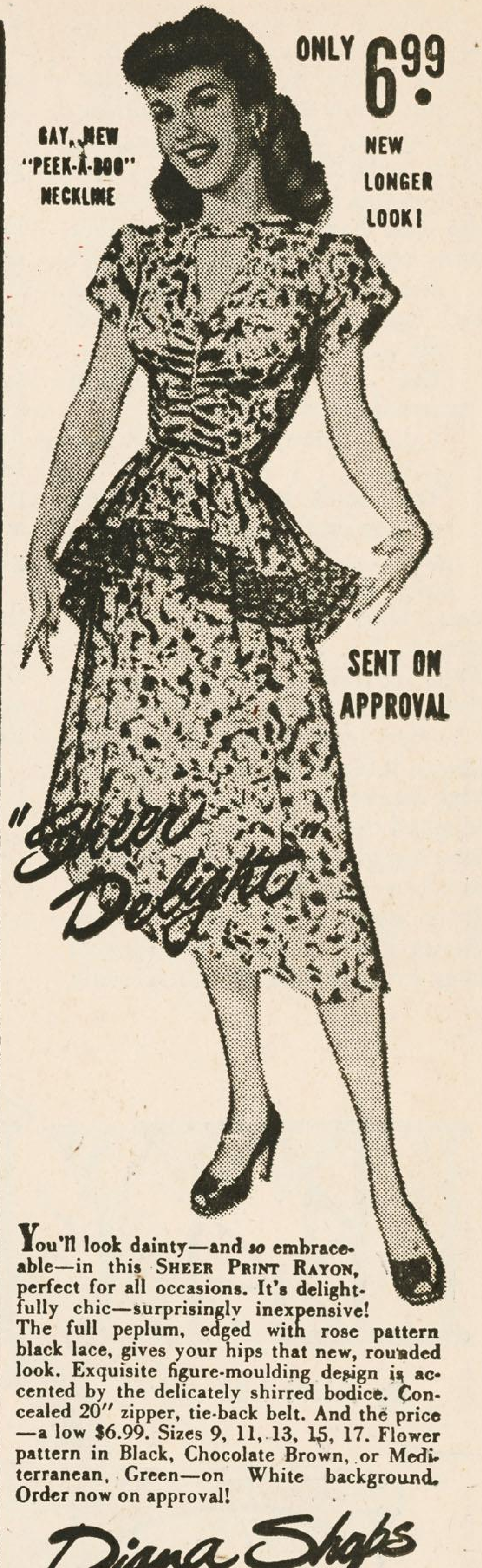
Ideal for a quick supper!

CORNY? . . .

It's made of corn, but this fresh corn pudding with cheese makes a hep dish for that special luncheon or supper and will please Mom by using up any leftover cooked corn on the cob. Or you can use canned kernel corn.

Add 2 cups corn kernels, 2¼ cups cream or rich milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese and salt and pepper to taste to 3 well-beaten eggs. Blend all thoroughly and then turn mixture into a greased casserole and bake in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour, until the pudding is set and firm.

Serve at once. Your guests will love it with fried chicken and cream gravy.



You'll look dainty—and *so* embraceable—in this SHEER PRINT RAYON, perfect for all occasions. It's delightfully chic—surprisingly inexpensive! The full peplum, edged with rose pattern black lace, gives your hips that new, rounded look. Exquisite figure-moulding design is accented by the delicately shirred bodice. Concealed 20" zipper, tie-back belt. And the price—a low $6.99. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17. Flower pattern in Black, Chocolate Brown, or Mediterranean, Green—on White background. Order now on approval!

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COLOR	2ND COLOR CHOICE	SIZE

Name
Address
City State
Enclose money and we'll pay postage.

FOUR EYES

By ANN LEE

ARLIE blinked at the blackboard, then blinked again. It swam before her and the white marks wavered. Miss Winthrop was saying, "2 X minus 3 Y equals what, Arlie?"

This was it! All the bad dreams she had had about her eyesight were coming true. Arlie couldn't see the blackboard! She stood up and squinted. "2 X minus 3 Y equals . . ."

"Yes . . .?" Miss Winthrop prompted hopefully.

"I don't know," Arlie said and sat down.

"You don't know? Why, it's right there on the board. Can't you read, or . . ."

Arlie felt tears coming to her eyes. Miss Winthrop had almost said it. ". . . or can't you see?" Arlie *couldn't* see. She needed glasses, and she needed them badly! Her mother and father had known it for a long time, and Jones had noticed it, but Arlie had only laughed them off. The very idea of wearing glasses made her ill. Who dated a girl who wore glasses? Jones would never take her to the Junior Prom if she appeared with four eyes instead of two. If only she could put if off until Monday. Just one more date with Jones was all she asked; then she would willingly sacrifice herself to the horrible things that only unpopular girls and old ladies wore—glasses!

She heard Miss Winthrop speaking again, "It's a mistake for any of you to put off getting spectacles if you are nearsighted. I advise immediate action."

Arlie cringed. Miss Winthrop had said that for her benefit. Now her only hope was that Miss Winthrop wouldn't call her parents before the week end . . . before the dance. It wasn't too much to ask, and she could do without glasses for a few more days.

Jones was waiting for her on the school steps. Arlie almost bumped into him. "Oh, Jones, you scared me!" she exclaimed nervously. "I was watching Grace over there."

"You scared me, too," he answered, laughing. "I was watching Bob. You look super, Arlie. Let's get a soda." He took her arm and they hurried down the steps.

Arlie hung on tightly. She couldn't see the cars going by on the boulevard any more. For the last few weeks she had depended on others to guide her or she had stood directly under the street light so she could watch the green turn to red. Jones took her hand as they crossed the street. A car whizzed behind them. Arlie felt her ballerina skirt swish around her legs.

"*That* was close!" Jones whistled through his teeth.

"I'll ditto that," Arlie answered, and waited for her heart to calm down. Not being able to see more than a few feet ahead of her *was* disquieting, but all that would soon be over. Right after the prom she would go to the optometrist and be fitted for her black-outs.

In the booth under the dim lights Arlie and Jones sipped their sodas. "Don't forget the big shindig," Jones said as he reached for her hand.

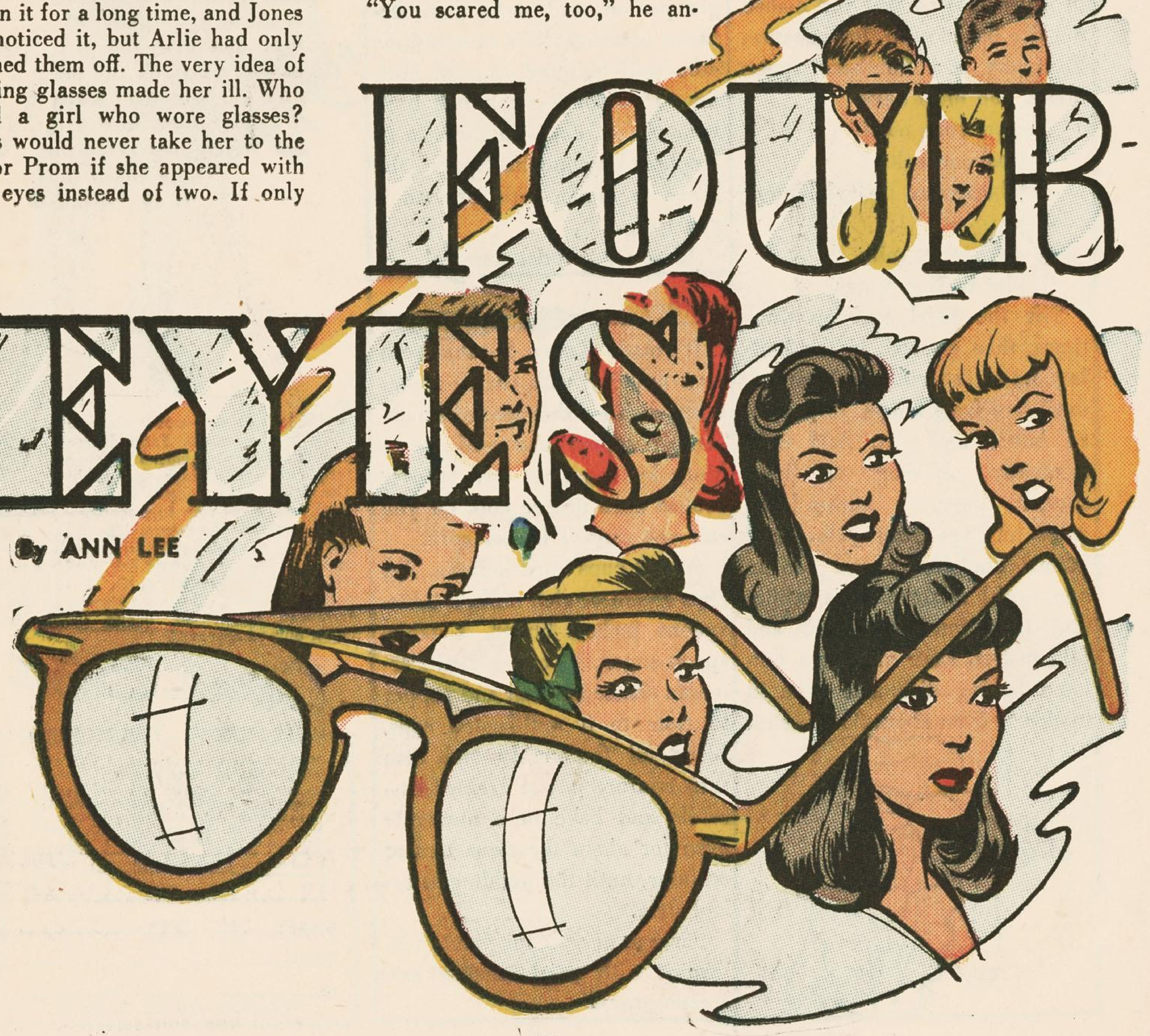
"Forget? That dance means everything to me, Jones. You'll never know how much it means." Arlie gave his hand an answering squeeze and squinted through the fog. She could have cried. It felt too close to the Cinderella story. After the ball her good times would be over. Soon she'd be wearing glasses and Jones would be dating someone else.

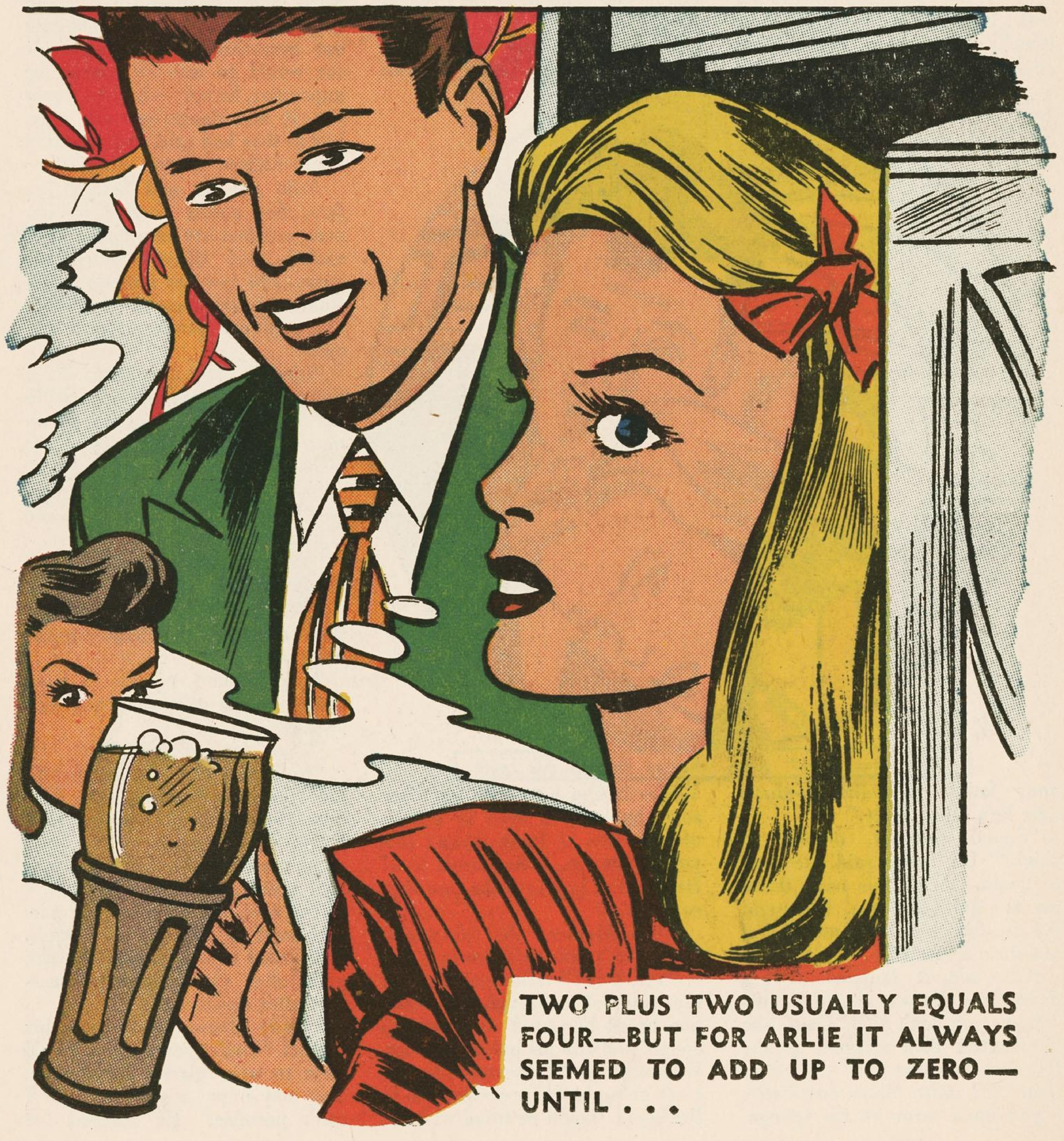
Jones left her at her front gate and sauntered down the street. Arlie squinted after him. All too quickly his figure became a mirage lost in the mist.

She tripped up the familiar steps and opened the door. Her mother was waiting for her. "Arlie, come into the living room before you go upstairs. I want to talk to you."

Arlie felt the blood leave her face. Mother sounded serious. The only other time she had sounded like this was when Grandpa had taken ill.

"Yes, Mother," she answered dutifully, and followed her into the comfortable room that swam before her eyes. She found a chair and looked around. Forms slowly took shape. She squinted twice before she realized her father was sitting opposite her.



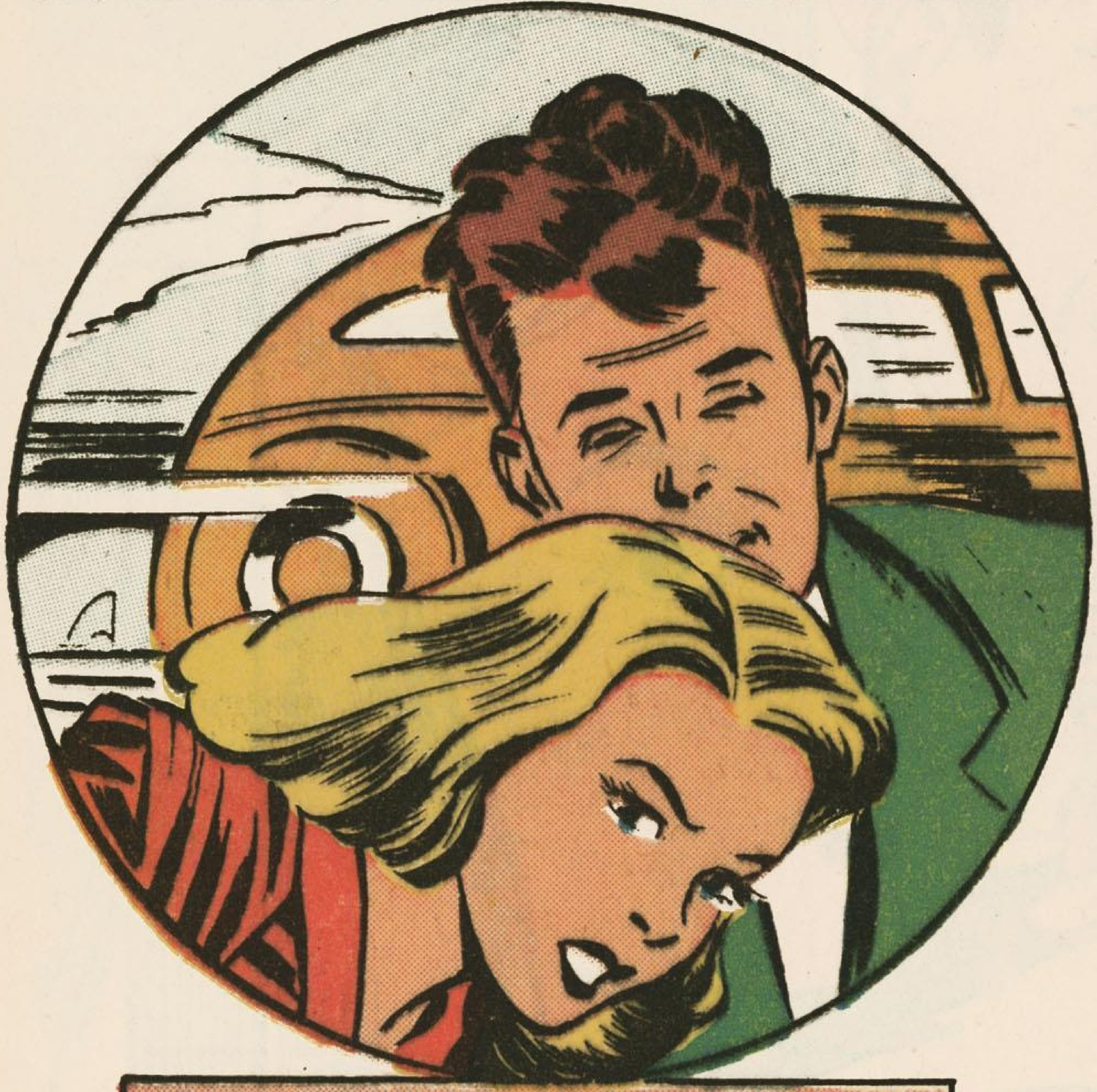


TWO PLUS TWO USUALLY EQUALS FOUR—BUT FOR ARLIE IT ALWAYS SEEMED TO ADD UP TO ZERO—UNTIL . . .

"Hi, Dad!" she called gaily. "Didn't see you for a minute. What's cooking? Why are you home so early?" She and her father always talked slang to each other. Her father was young, one of the gang. Not young in years, but young in thought and personality. Arlie couldn't see the serious scowl on his face.

She heard her mother pull up a chair and clear her throat. "Golly," Arlie thought, "this *is* serious!"

"Arlie," her mother began, "Miss Winthrop called this afternoon. She told me something your father and I have realized for quite some time." Arlie heard her mother swallow, then continue, "I called your father immediately—that's why he's home early."



"That was close!" Jones whistled through his teeth.

"Sounds gloomy, doesn't it, chick?" her father said. He tried to laugh. "Arlie, this news threw me for quite a curve. I thought my daughter was hep—now I find out she's a creep."

Arlie almost laughed at her dad's slang. He was almost frantic. "Maybe you don't latch, Dad," she interrupted, then stopped as she felt the seriousness of the situation. "All right, Mater and Pater, I give up. I throw in the sponge. I'm nearsighted, and that's that. I agree to wear glasses after next Saturday." She squinted through the mist before her, but she couldn't quite make out the expressions on her parents' faces.

"After Saturday?" her father asked. "What's cooking then?"

"The Junior Prom. Jones is taking me, and I don't want to blossom out with four eyes. On Monday I'll get the things and take my place at the end of the popularity list." Arlie tried to be glib and gay, but the tears spilled down her face. "You can't deny me one last fling, can you?"

"Yes, we can and we do," her mother answered. "This is serious. You're falling behind in your lessons, and you're even in danger of your life. If Jones doesn't like you in glasses, Arlie, forget him! He couldn't be worth the case they come in!"

"Now, Mother," Dad said soothingly, "let's take this slowly."

"Yes, Dad?" Arlie looked up at him hopefully through her tears. She heard him shift his position, cough, and rub his hands together. He continued, "Tomorrow you and I are going to the grooviest doc in Rockfield. You'll be fitted with the smoothest specs in town."

Arlie was silent—then all she felt surged up in her. She couldn't stop the outburst. "No!" she cried. "No! You can't. I'll die! Give me one more week end, do you hear? —one more!" She jumped up and ran out of the room. Her arm stung from hitting the door.

But after an hour of crying into her pillow she realized her parents were right. She *did* need glasses, and she needed them soon. Tomorrow morning she would go to the doctor's with her father and be fitted with windows that would help her see—but that would blot out everything. After tomorrow she would go into retirement, be unpopular, be ugly—but she would see. It was dangerous and silly, just as they had said, to try getting along without proper eyesight.

Arlie got up and bathed her face. She patted powder on her nose, combed her long flaxen hair, smiled, and tripped down the stairs. She saw her father's figure slumped in the same chair. Mother was patting a handkerchief to her eyes.

"Okay," Arlie announced. "I'm a drip, just a dreamy Dinah without a smooth platter. Let's go tomorrow for those glimmers—those black-outs."

She vaguely discerned her parents' figures rising, and she could almost see them smile.

"You're a solid sender, but def!" her father said happily.

"Dad, please speak English," Mother added with a laugh through her tears.

Arlie became serious. "I want one rider to this contract—one change."

"Yes?" her parents asked.

"No Junior Prom for me. I can't face Jones on Saturday with four eyes. How about my visiting Aunt Louise for the week end?"

Somewhat dubiously, her parents agreed.

The next day Arlie and her parents went to Doctor Noll's office. Arlie read charts, peered through glass after glass, answered question after question.

Finally Doctor Noll gave his verdict. "You're nearsighted. You'll have to wear glasses for a time. You may improve with age, but I can't promise." He reached for sample frames. "It's not as great a tragedy as you may think, young lady," he told her. "Some very prominent people wear glasses."

"Well, let them!" Arlie exclaimed, near tears again. "Let them! I'm not prominent and I don't want to be. All I want is to go to the Junior dance with Jones, and now he won't want me . . ."

"Won't want you?" the doctor echoed. "Wait until he sees these." He pushed a luscious pair onto Arlie's nose. She looked into the mirror before her. The frames were light brown shell with a thin gold line edging the top. She blinked. For the first time in her short life she could really see herself.

"Why, I can see," she whispered.

"Not only that, you look very nice," her mother told her.

"Smooth—very smooth," her father mumbled.

"But—but they're specs!" Arlie pulled them from her face and threw them on the table. "I hate them—*hate* them!" The world became a misty place again as she tried to see the expressions on her parents' faces.

"Okay, slick chick," Dad told her as he patted her shoulder. "Take it easy. You'll go to Aunt Louise's for the week end and get used to your new eyes. Then if Jones doesn't like you better with these frames, I'll give you a fur coat."

Arlie couldn't help smiling. Dad knew all the answers. "How about it, Mother?" she asked.

"Reet, as you two would say, and remember fur coats don't grow on trees."

The three of them drove home in silence. When they were in the living room, Dad asked, "Shall I call the great Jones and give him the brush-off for Saturday?"

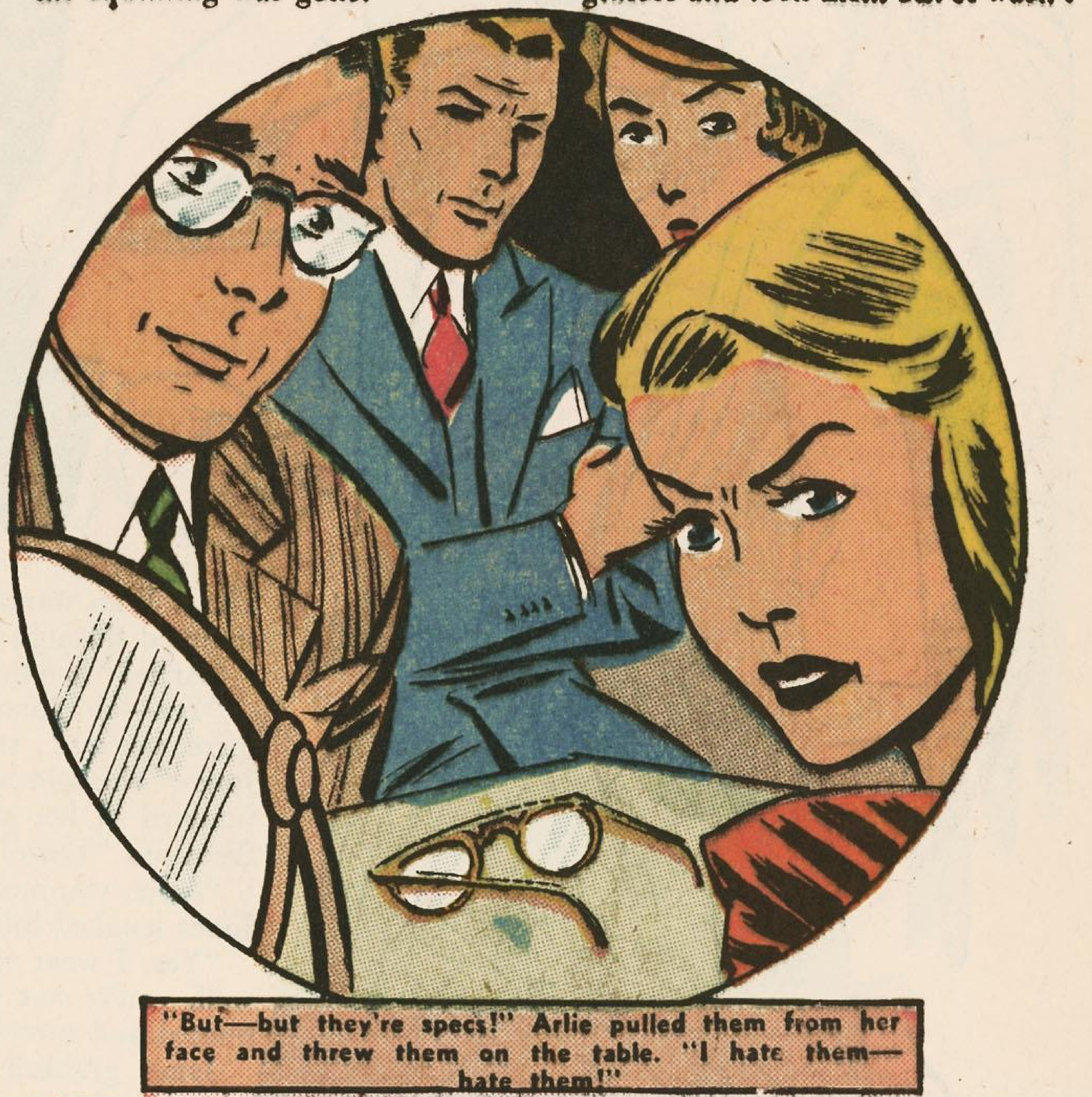
"Please do, Dad, and say I'm visiting my poor sick Aunt Louise."

"Sick!" Mother exploded. "Don't ever let Louise know you said she was sick. You'll have to step some to keep up with her."

"I'll step, Mother, and with my new specs." Arlie tried to be gay, but there was a big sore spot in her heart. Losing Jones wasn't much fun, and losing the little bit of popularity she had won wasn't fun either. Next Monday she would have to face the gang with four eyes, and she could almost hear the rating scale sliding down to a big fat zero.

Arlie went to her room. She kept the door open and listened to her father talking to Jones. "Arlie . . . Aunt Louise . . . very ill . . . she leaves on the 10 a.m. train tomorrow . . . so sorry—perhaps another time, Jones . . . she feels very bad . . ."

They had a gay time at dinner. Arlie wore her new glasses. They looked sharp with pointed frames of soft brown relieved by a line of gold. Her big blue eyes seemed even larger through the lenses, and the squinting was gone.



"But—but they're specs!" Arlie pulled them from her face and threw them on the table. "I hate them—hate them!"

"If I do say so, Arlie," her mother told her, "you look simply lovely. Don't you agree, Dad?"

"My daughter always looks hep, but now she's definitely in the groove."

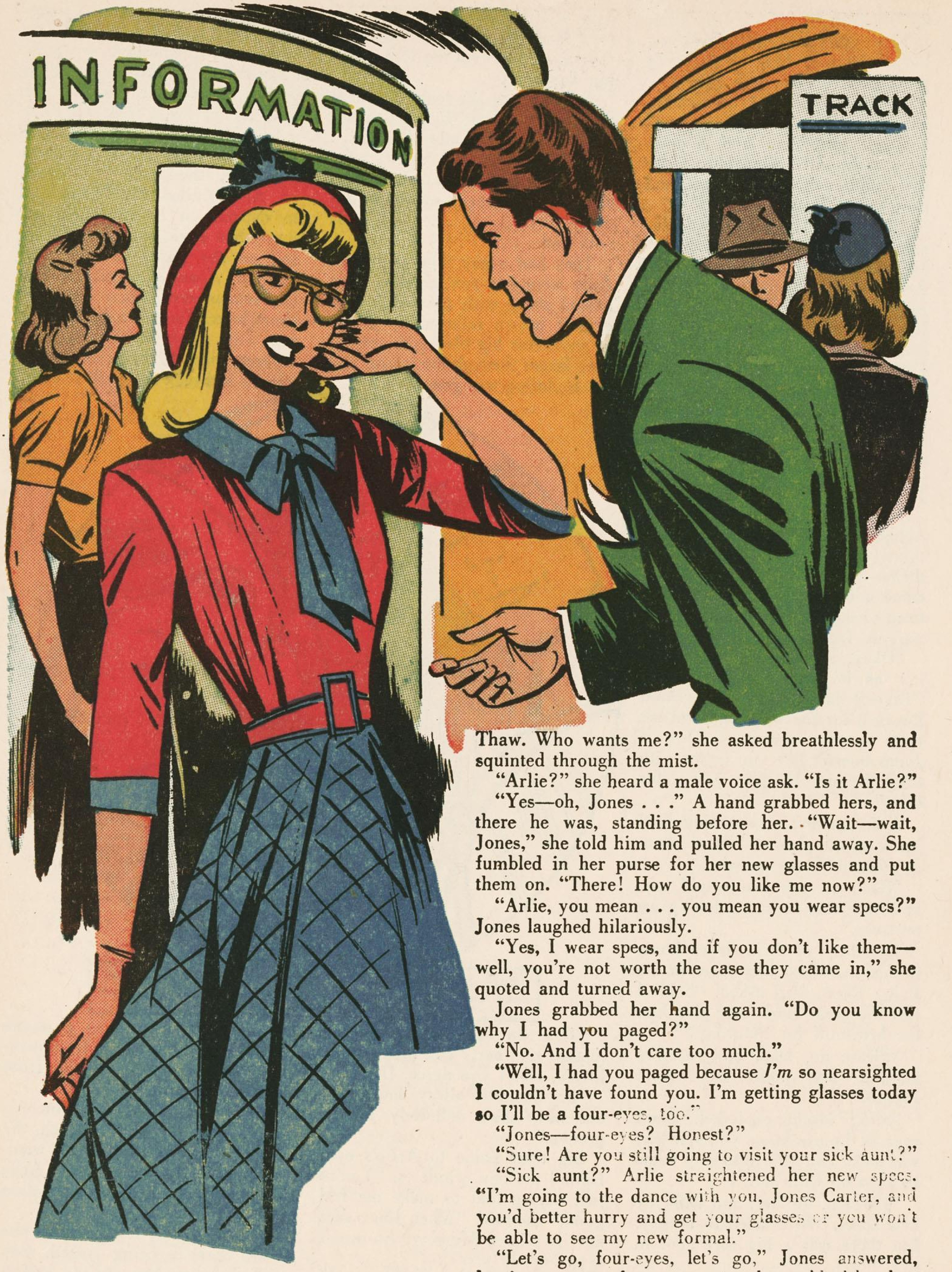
Big tears came to Arlie's eyes behind the new windows. "You're just saying that to make me feel good," she said. "When Jones sees me in school Monday, he won't even look at me."

The next morning Arlie said good-by to her parents and settled herself on her luggage before the train gate. She readjusted her new glasses and looked up at the board. It was nice to be able to see so far away and to be able to see all the people around her, but the sore spot in her heart was still there.

"Train for Evansville—gate nine —10 a.m. train for Evansville—gate nine," the loud-speaker boomed. Arlie smiled. She didn't have to depend on loud-speakers any more. She could see, she told herself as she gazed at the board marked: *Evansville—gate* 9. Then she remembered again. In a few short hours Jones would be dancing with someone else, someone without specs. She reached for her glasses and took them off. It wasn't too late. If she ran to a phone now, she could stop him from making another date, stop him from dancing with someone else.

But suddenly, "Arlie Thaw, Arlie Thaw," boomed through the loud-speaker. "Arlie Thaw is wanted at the information desk. Arlie Thaw, come to the information desk immediately."

Arlie's mouth fell open as she heard herself being paged. She picked up her bag and ran as fast as she could to the information booth. "Yes . . . yes, I'm Arlie



"Arlie you mean . . . you mean you wear specs?"

Thaw. Who wants me?" she asked breathlessly and squinted through the mist.

"Arlie?" she heard a male voice ask. "Is it Arlie?"

"Yes—oh, Jones . . ." A hand grabbed hers, and there he was, standing before her. "Wait—wait, Jones," she told him and pulled her hand away. She fumbled in her purse for her new glasses and put them on. "There! How do you like me now?"

"Arlie, you mean . . . you mean you wear specs?" Jones laughed hilariously.

"Yes, I wear specs, and if you don't like them—well, you're not worth the case they came in," she quoted and turned away.

Jones grabbed her hand again. "Do you know why I had you paged?"

"No. And I don't care too much."

"Well, I had you paged because *I'm* so nearsighted I couldn't have found you. I'm getting glasses today so I'll be a four-eyes, too."

"Jones—four-eyes? Honest?"

"Sure! Are you still going to visit your sick aunt?"

"Sick aunt?" Arlie straightened her new specs. "I'm going to the dance with you, Jones Carter, and you'd better hurry and get your glasses or you won't be able to see my new formal."

"Let's go, four-eyes, let's go," Jones answered, leaving no room for argument as he grabbed her bag and ran for the nearest exit.

THE END

FOOD FOR FUN

SUNDAY SURPRISE . . .

Want to give Mom a day off from that heavy Sunday dinner cooking? Here's a recipe that's sure to bowl her over, and give you lots of fun.

Get a 3 pound shoulder of lamb. Heat 2 tablespoons fat in a skillet that has a tight-fitting cover. Remove all veins and fat from the lamb and cut the meat into cubes. Salt and paprika these and then brown them in the fat with 2 medium onions, chopped. Cut up enough fresh tomatoes to make 2 cups and add this to meat and onions. Throw in a little minced parsley and some fresh rosemary leaves, minced.

Cover and cook slowly on top of stove for about 2 hours. If you find the meat getting too dry, add a very little water. Stir in a cupful of thick sour cream just before you are ready to serve the lamb, blending it in well with the juices in the pan.

It takes time. But see if it's not worth it!

SUNDAY---
Surprise!

SUPPER-SWIFT . . .

Tonight is Mom's club night and you've got to get Dad's supper—in a hurry. Even if there's nothing much around, here's a de-luxe special that'll make him grin with delight.

Hard cook 4 eggs—2 for Dad and 2 for yourself. Peel and slice 2 medium onions. Cook 1 cupful brown rice in plenty of boiling salted water and cook the onions in a little butter until just transparent, but not brown. Sprinkle the onions and butter with ½ teaspoon of flour, to which ½ tablespoon of curry powder has been added. Pour in 1 cup chicken stock or broth.

Check for seasoning and cook until the onions are tender. Then add ½ cup thick cream, heated, and the eggs, cut in halves. Heat through and then serve in a nest of the brown rice. Chutney is a must with this.

Swift and simple, isn't it?

DEVILED DELIGHT . . .

For a "fish dish" that really "takes the cake", try these devilled sardines.

Make some toast fingers and butter them lightly. On each toast finger lay a sardine, well drained of its oil. Over all, pour a sauce made by mixing a tablespoon of lemon juice, ½ teaspoon of dry mustard, a little curry powder, ½ teaspoon of butter, a dash of cayenne and salt. Thicken the mixture with the yolk of 1 egg, well-beaten. Put the toast, sardines and sauce into the oven, and let all heat through. Serve with lemon wedges for squeezing.

If you want to "gild the lily" rub each buttered toast finger with a crushed clove of garlic before laying on the sardines.

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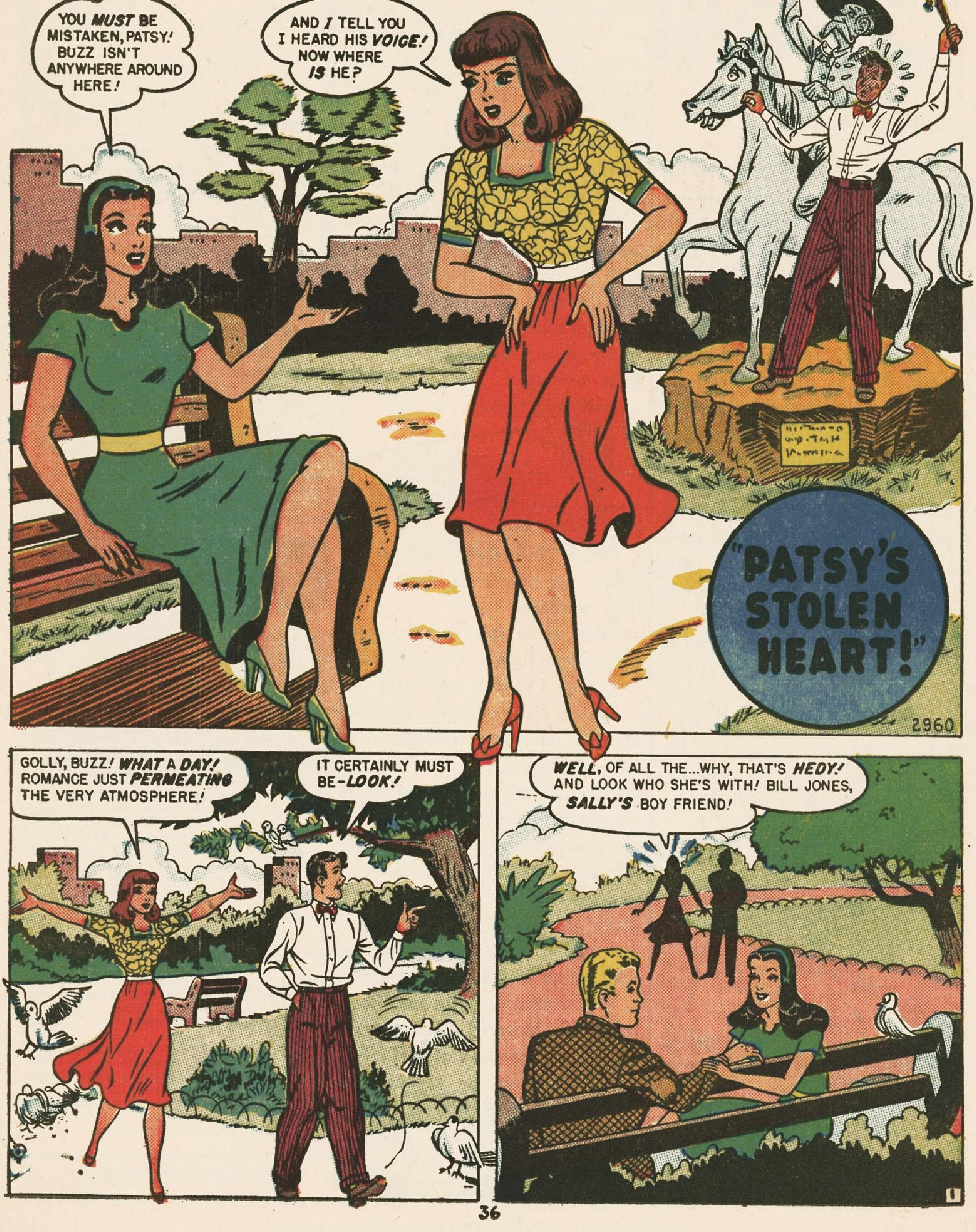
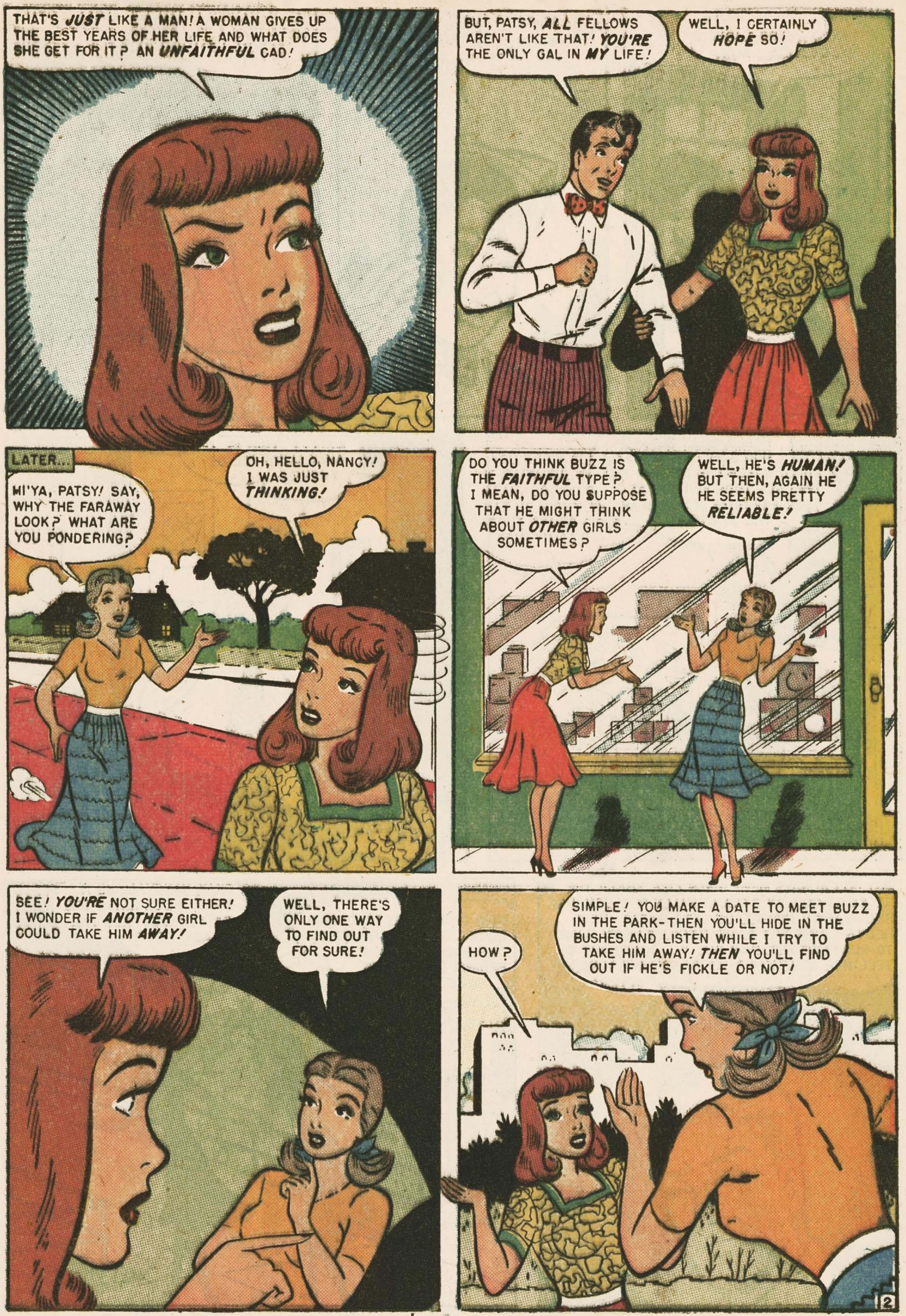
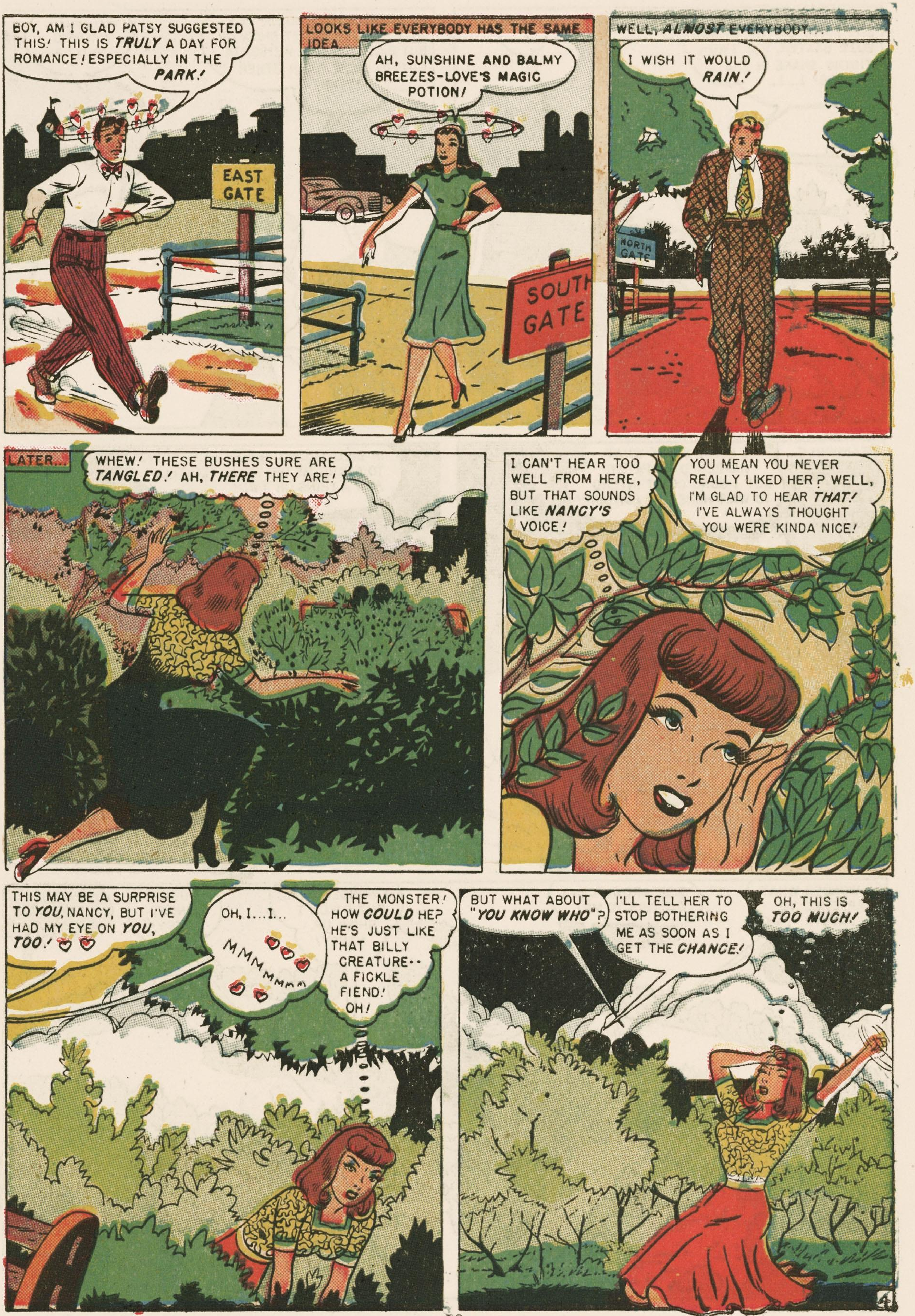
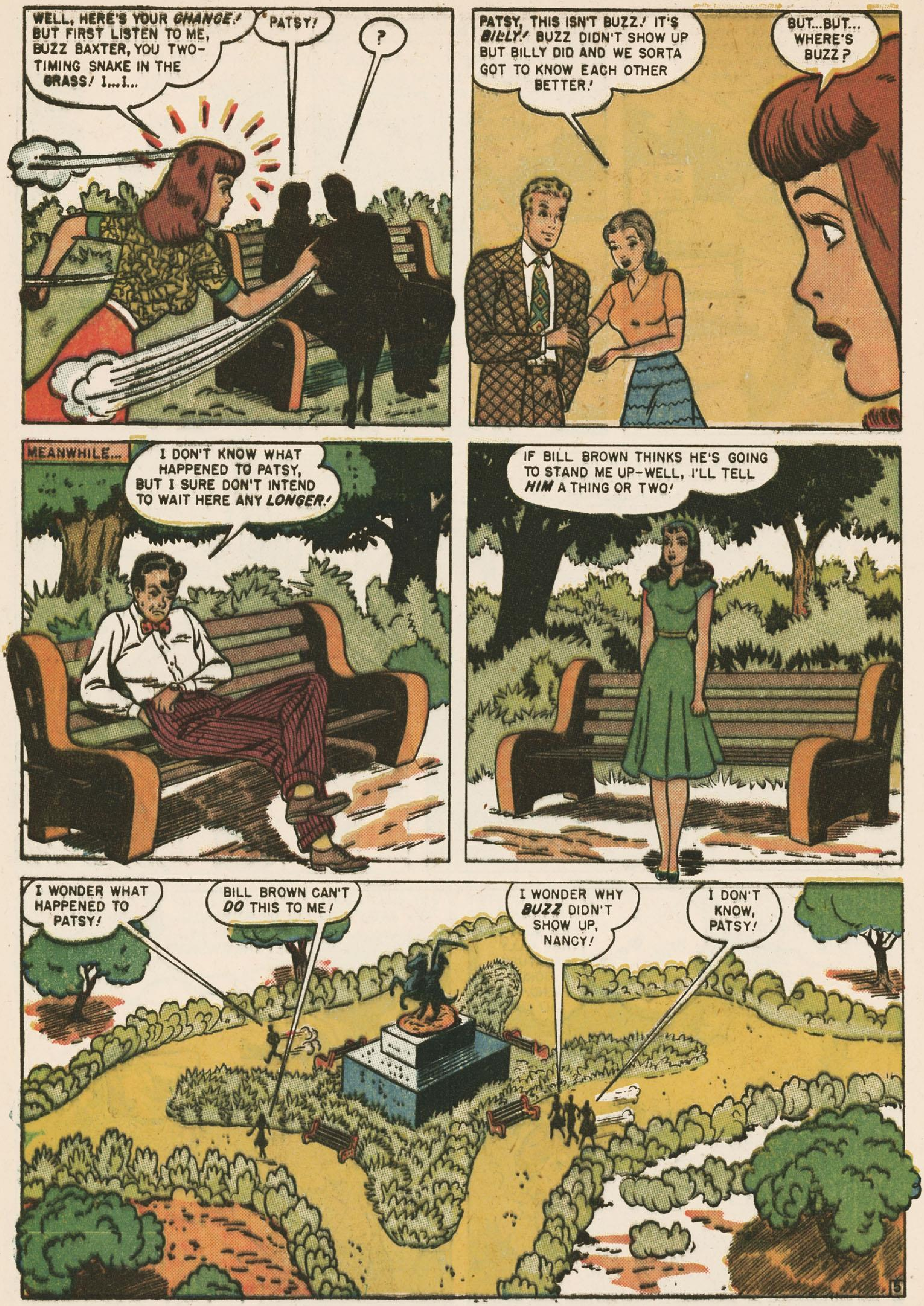
PATSY WALKER


YOU *MUST* BE MISTAKEN, PATSY! BUZZ ISN'T ANYWHERE AROUND HERE!
AND *I* TELL YOU I HEARD HIS *VOICE!* NOW WHERE *IS* HE?
"PATSY'S STOLEN HEART!"
2960
GOLLY, BUZZ! *WHAT A DAY!* ROMANCE JUST *PERMEATING* THE VERY ATMOSPHERE!
IT CERTAINLY MUST BE-*LOOK!*
WELL, OF ALL THE...WHY, THAT'S *HEDY!* AND LOOK WHO SHE'S WITH! BILL JONES, *SALLY'S* BOY FRIEND!
1


THAT'S *JUST* LIKE A MAN! A WOMAN GIVES UP THE BEST YEARS OF HER LIFE AND WHAT DOES SHE GET FOR IT? AN *UNFAITHFUL* CAD!
BUT, PATSY, *ALL* FELLOWS AREN'T LIKE THAT! *YOU'RE* THE ONLY GAL IN *MY* LIFE!
WELL, I CERTAINLY *HOPE* SO!
LATER...
HI'YA, PATSY! SAY, WHY THE FARAWAY LOOK? WHAT ARE YOU PONDERING?
OH, HELLO, NANCY! I WAS JUST *THINKING!*
DO YOU THINK BUZZ IS THE *FAITHFUL* TYPE? I MEAN, DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT HE MIGHT THINK ABOUT *OTHER* GIRLS SOMETIMES?
WELL, HE'S *HUMAN!* BUT THEN, AGAIN HE HE SEEMS PRETTY *RELIABLE!*
SEE! *YOU'RE* NOT SURE EITHER! I WONDER IF *ANOTHER* GIRL COULD TAKE HIM *AWAY!*
WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT FOR SURE!
HOW?
SIMPLE! YOU MAKE A DATE TO MEET BUZZ IN THE PARK-THEN YOU'LL HIDE IN THE BUSHES AND LISTEN WHILE I TRY TO TAKE HIM AWAY! *THEN* YOU'LL FIND OUT IF HE'S FICKLE OR NOT!
2

LATER...
THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! I'LL CALL BUZZ NOW!
... IN THE PARK? THE BENCH NEAR THE STATUE? SURE, PATSY! I'LL BE THERE!
LET'S GO, NANCY! AND I WANT YOU TO REALLY POUR IT ON THICK!
DON'T WORRY- I WILL!
MEANWHILE...
HELLO, BILLY BOY! HOW'S MY DREAMBOAT? I JUST CALLED TO REMIND YOU THAT I'LL LOOK FOR YOU AT YOUR FAVORITE BENCH NEAR THE STATUE!
WELL, I... THAT IS... OH, OKAY, HEDY! I'LL BE THERE!
WHY DO I ALWAYS MEET GIRLS LIKE THAT? THE REASON I COULDN'T STAND SALLY WAS BECAUSE SHE ALWAYS RUSHED ME INTO DATES! NOW HEDY'S DOING THE SAME THING! I DON'T WANT TO HURT HER FEELINGS BUT I'LL JUST HAVE TO TELL HER SOMEHOW THAT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN HER!
MEANWHILE...
NOW DON'T FORGET, PATSY! GO ALL THE WAY AROUND TO THE BACK AND COME UP BEHIND THE BUSHES QUIETLY!
OKAY, NANCY! MAKE IT GOOD! WE'LL SEE IF MR. BAXTER CAN PASS THE ACID TEST!
ROOSEVELT PARK
WEST GATE
KEEP OFF
3


BOY, AM I GLAD PATSY SUGGESTED THIS! THIS IS TRULY A DAY FOR ROMANCE! ESPECIALLY IN THE PARK!
EAST GATE
LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY HAS THE SAME IDEA..
AH, SUNSHINE AND BALMY BREEZES-LOVE'S MAGIC POTION!
SOUTH GATE
WELL, ALMOST EVERYBODY...
I WISH IT WOULD RAIN!
NORTH GATE
LATER...
WHEW! THESE BUSHES SURE ARE TANGLED! AH, THERE THEY ARE!
I CAN'T HEAR TOO WELL FROM HERE, BUT THAT SOUNDS LIKE NANCY'S VOICE!
YOU MEAN YOU NEVER REALLY LIKED HER? WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT! I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE KINDA NICE!
THIS MAY BE A SURPRISE TO YOU, NANCY, BUT I'VE HAD MY EYE ON YOU, TOO!
OH, I...I... MMMMMMMM
THE MONSTER! HOW COULD HE? HE'S JUST LIKE THAT BILLY CREATURE-- A FICKLE FIEND! OH!
BUT WHAT ABOUT "YOU KNOW WHO"?
I'LL TELL HER TO STOP BOTHERING ME AS SOON AS I GET THE CHANCE!
OH, THIS IS TOO MUCH!
4


WELL, HERE'S YOUR *CHANCE!* BUT FIRST LISTEN TO ME, BUZZ BAXTER, YOU TWO-TIMING SNAKE IN THE GRASS! I...I...
PATSY!
?
PATSY, THIS ISN'T BUZZ! IT'S *BILLY!* BUZZ DIDN'T SHOW UP BUT BILLY DID AND WE SORTA GOT TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER!
BUT...BUT... WHERE'S BUZZ?
MEANWHILE...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO PATSY, BUT I SURE DON'T INTEND TO WAIT HERE ANY *LONGER!*
IF BILL BROWN THINKS HE'S GOING TO STAND ME UP-WELL, I'LL TELL *HIM* A THING OR TWO!
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO PATSY!
BILL BROWN CAN'T *DO* THIS TO ME!
I WONDER WHY *BUZZ* DIDN'T SHOW UP, NANCY!
I DON'T KNOW, PATSY!

THE JOKE'S ON ME, BILL! I REALLY THOUGHT YOU WERE BUZZ! I'M SO RELIEVED TO FIND THAT HE'S NOT THE UNFAITHFUL CAD I *THOUGHT* HE WAS!
PATSY, LOOK!
BUZZ!
WITH HEDY!
HELLO, HEDY! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?
I WAS SUPPOSED TO *MEET* A SOMEONE!
BUZZ BAXTER, SO I'VE CAUGHT YOU IN THE *ACT*-YOU...YOU...
BUT, PATSY, I CAN *EXPLAIN*! *YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO DIDN'T SHOW UP!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF STEALING MY BOY-FRIEND, BILL?
YOUR BOY FRIEND! HMPH! THAT'S WHAT *YOU* THINK!
AS FOR *YOU*, HEDY-YOU CAN *HAVE* THAT TWO-TIMING WOLF, BUZZ!
I DON'T *WANT* HIM! *YOU* CAN HAVE HIM!
WHERE *IS* SHE? I'LL SCRATCH THAT BOY FRIEND STEALER'S EYES OUT!
SALLY!!
PLEASE KEEP OFF
I HEARD ALL ABOUT YOUR UNDERHANDED METHODS OF TRYING TO SWIPE MY B.F.! WHY, FOR TWO CENTS I'D PULL YOUR HAIR OUT-YOU...YOU...
I'LL *LEND* YOU THE TWO CENTS, DEARIE-AND I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU *TRY* IT!
6

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BILL, WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD!
YOU BET! THIS MIGHT DEVELOPE INTO A RIOT!
WELL, HOW DOES IT FEEL- HAVING ALL THOSE GALS FIGHTING OVER YOU, BILL?
I JUST FIGURE THAT WE'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES, EH, BUZZ?
YES, I GUESS THERE'S NO DENYING THAT! WHEN A MOB OF GALS FIGHT OVER A COUPLE OF GUYS, THEN I GUESS THEY MUST BE PRETTY OUSTANDING!
OF COURSE! LET'S DROP IN AND HAVE A SODA, BUZZ!
GROCERY
The Soda Shoppe
WHAT'LL IT BE, GATES?
LET'S SHOW A LITTLE MORE RESPECT FOR THIS TOWN'S MOST POPULAR MEN, JUNIOR!
"MOST POPULAR MEN?" SAY, YOU GUYS FEELING OKAY?
CERTAINLY! LISTEN, SHORT, FAT AND FRECKLED! YOU ARE NOW HONORED BY THE PRESENCE OF BUZZ BAXTER AND BILL BROWN! IRRESISTABLE CASANOVAS EXTRA-ORDINARY!
AHEM!
7

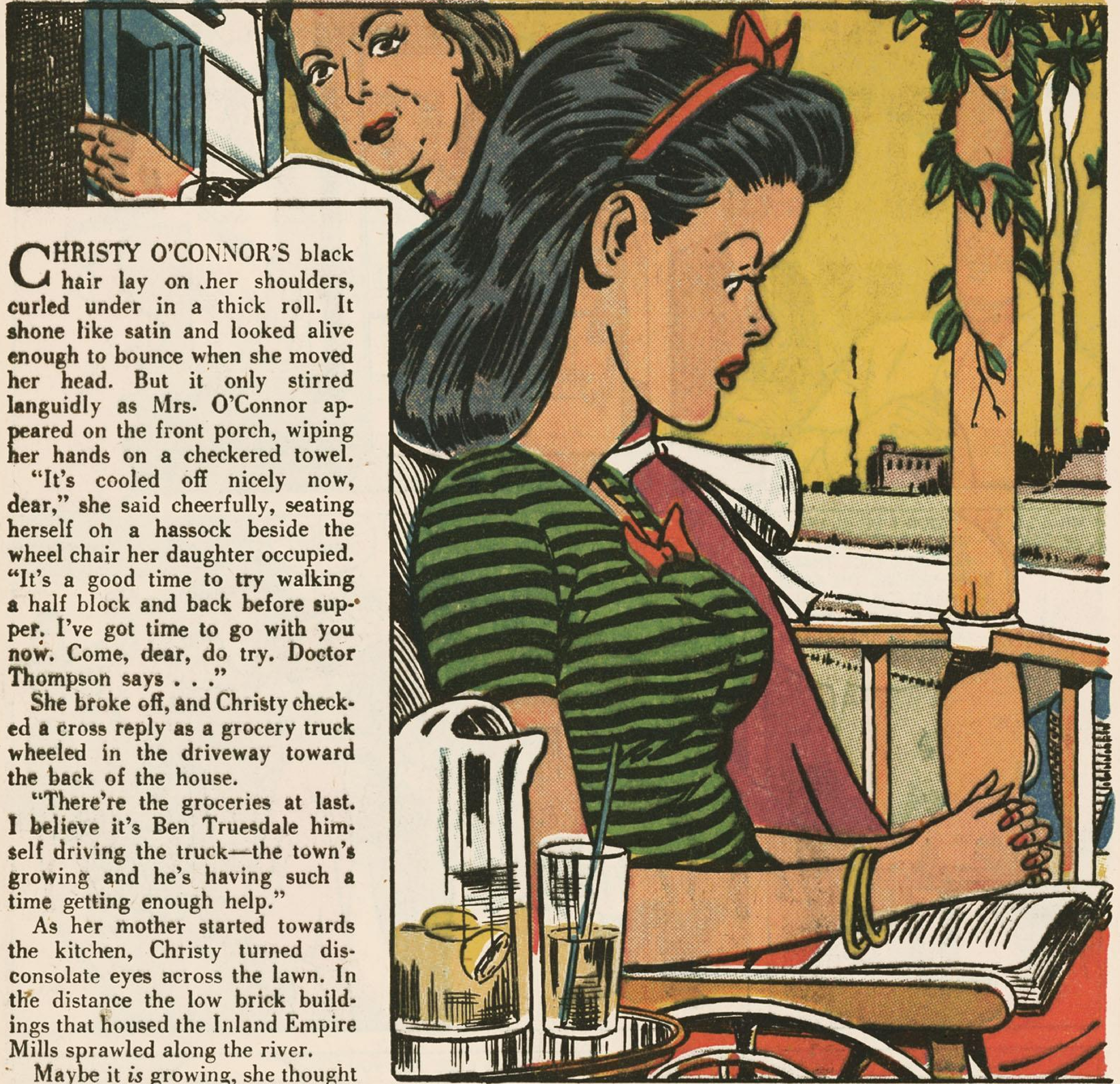
YES, SIR, BILL, IT'S ABOUT TIME PEOPLE REALIZE THAT WE ARE HEAVEN'S GIFT TO *WOMEN!*
BUZZ, LOOK!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE PLACE, GANG!
IT'S THE GALS AND THEY'RE COMING IN *HERE!*
WHAT'LL WE *DO?*
DON'T BE ALARMED! WE'LL JUST BRAVELY FACE THE FACT THAT WE MUST CHOOSE THE GIRLS WE WANT AND TRY TO CONSOLE THE UNFORTUNATE HEARTBROKEN *LOSERS!*
PLENTY OF BOOTHS AND A MUSIC BOX IN BACK
REET!
THANKS, CHUBBY!
? ? ? ? ? ?
ANYTHING ELSE FOR YOU *"IRRESISTABLE CASANOVAS?"*
AW SHUT UP!
8
THE END

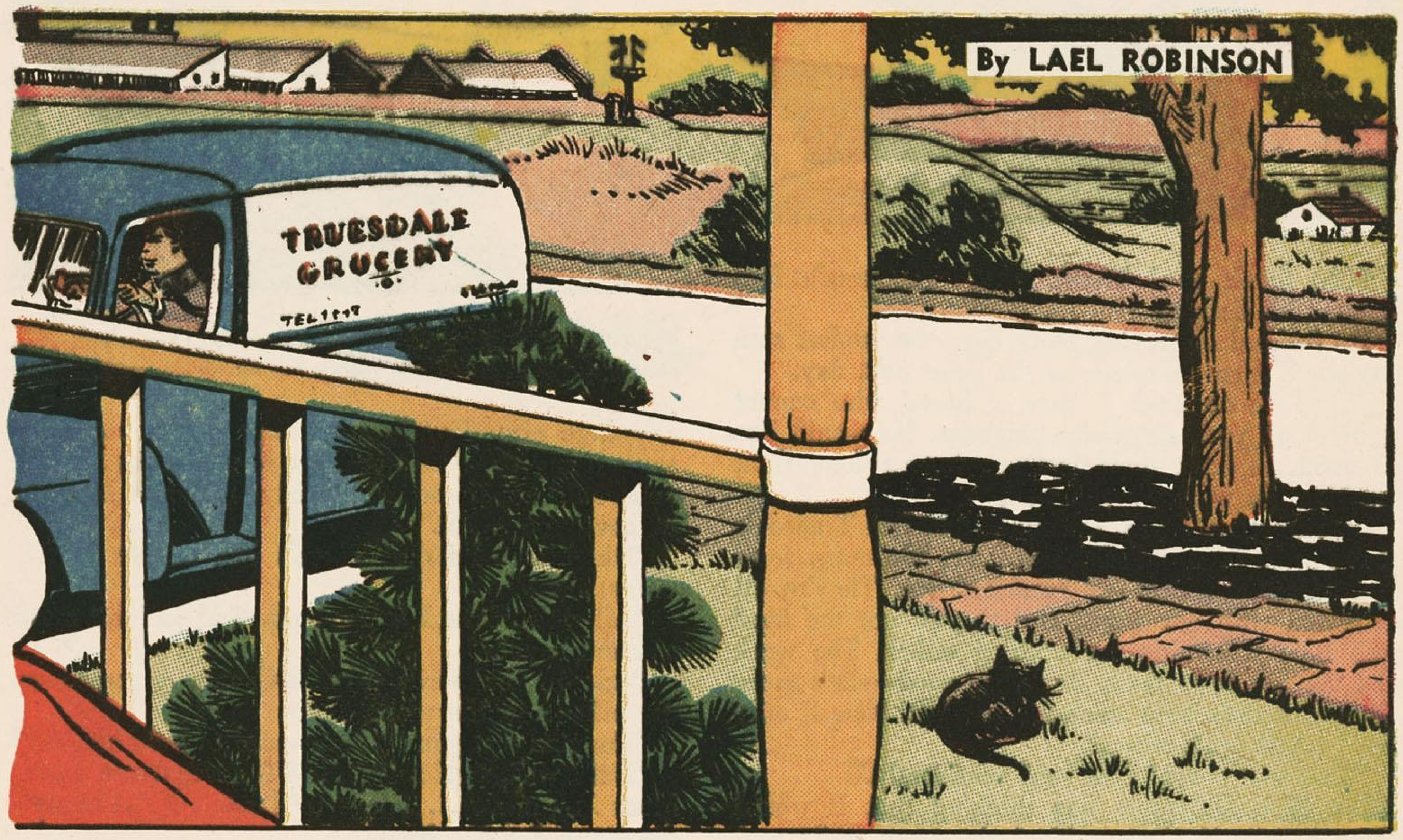
CHRISTY WAS SURE THE GRASS WAS GREENER IN OTHER YARDS.

AND IT'S PRETTY HARD TO CHANGE
THE MIND—AND HEART— OF SOMEONE LIKE CHRISTY!

LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

By LAEL ROBINSON





CHRISTY O'CONNOR'S black hair lay on her shoulders, curled under in a thick roll. It shone like satin and looked alive enough to bounce when she moved her head. But it only stirred languidly as Mrs. O'Connor appeared on the front porch, wiping her hands on a checkered towel.

“It's cooled off nicely now, dear,” she said cheerfully, seating herself on a hassock beside the wheel chair her daughter occupied. “It's a good time to try walking a half block and back before supper. I've got time to go with you now. Come, dear, do try. Doctor Thompson says . . .”

She broke off, and Christy checked a cross reply as a grocery truck wheeled in the driveway toward the back of the house.

“There're the groceries at last. I believe it's Ben Truesdale himself driving the truck—the town's growing and he's having such a time getting enough help.”

As her mother started towards the kitchen, Christy turned disconsolate eyes across the lawn. In the distance the low brick buildings that housed the Inland Empire Mills sprawled along the river.

Maybe it *is* growing, she thought bitterly. But it's still just a hick mill town. And here I am stuck in it—just when I was getting along so well in the city, too. It isn't every girl who's offered a secretarial job even before she's through high school. Now someone else must have the job. That car accident spoiled all my chances—right after graduation, too!

In the kitchen Mrs. O'Connor was talking anxiously to the owner of the store where she'd bought her groceries ever since they'd moved to this town, when Christy was fifteen and they'd left her in the city to finish high school.

“I *do* wish we could rouse her, Ben,” she said. “Doctor Thompson says her legs aren't really injured. They're just in a state of prolonged shock, and the effects will eventually disappear through use. Her father and I have been trying to encourage her to walk, but . . .”

“Yes, I know. Herb was telling me that it seems almost hopeless, but there must be some way,” the stout, fatherly man answered thoughtfully.

“Of course, she's never liked this place—‘a dinky, hick town,’ she always called it—and that makes it harder for her to be happy here,” Mrs. O'Connor said as she finished checking over her groceries and handed back the basket. “We've just *got* to keep trying,” she sighed. “But the child is so downhearted, I'm afraid it's kind of getting me down, too.”

The grocer patted his customer's drooping shoulder encouragingly.

“Now don't you worry so, Myra. I know she doesn't like this ‘hick town’. But Christy has always been pretty special with me. She's such a spirited, spunky girl. Pity she didn't go to high school here. Most likely she'd have got to like it then. Any luck trying to get her to keep up her typing skill?”

Mrs. O'Connor shook her head silently.

“Well, I can't believe Christy's lost her spunk. There must be a way of rousing her. We just have to find the right one.”

Two evenings later Christy's blue eyes listlessly watched a stranger climbing the veranda steps. He was of medium height and stockily built. His white teeth shone in his dark face when he smiled, and there was a trace of a foreign accent in his speech as he bowed politely and held out a sheet of paper.

“You are Miss O'Connor?” And, as she nodded gravely, “Good! Then I am come to the right place. Mr. Ben Truesdale told me you are—what you call . . . sten-og-rapher.” He brought out the word slowly, carefully.

“I was going to be. But . . .”

“I have business letter to write,” the man went on, seeming not to notice Christy's hesitation. “But I do not know how to write it in the right form. Mr. Ben said you would be glad to help me. I will pay you whatever you wish,” he finished eagerly.

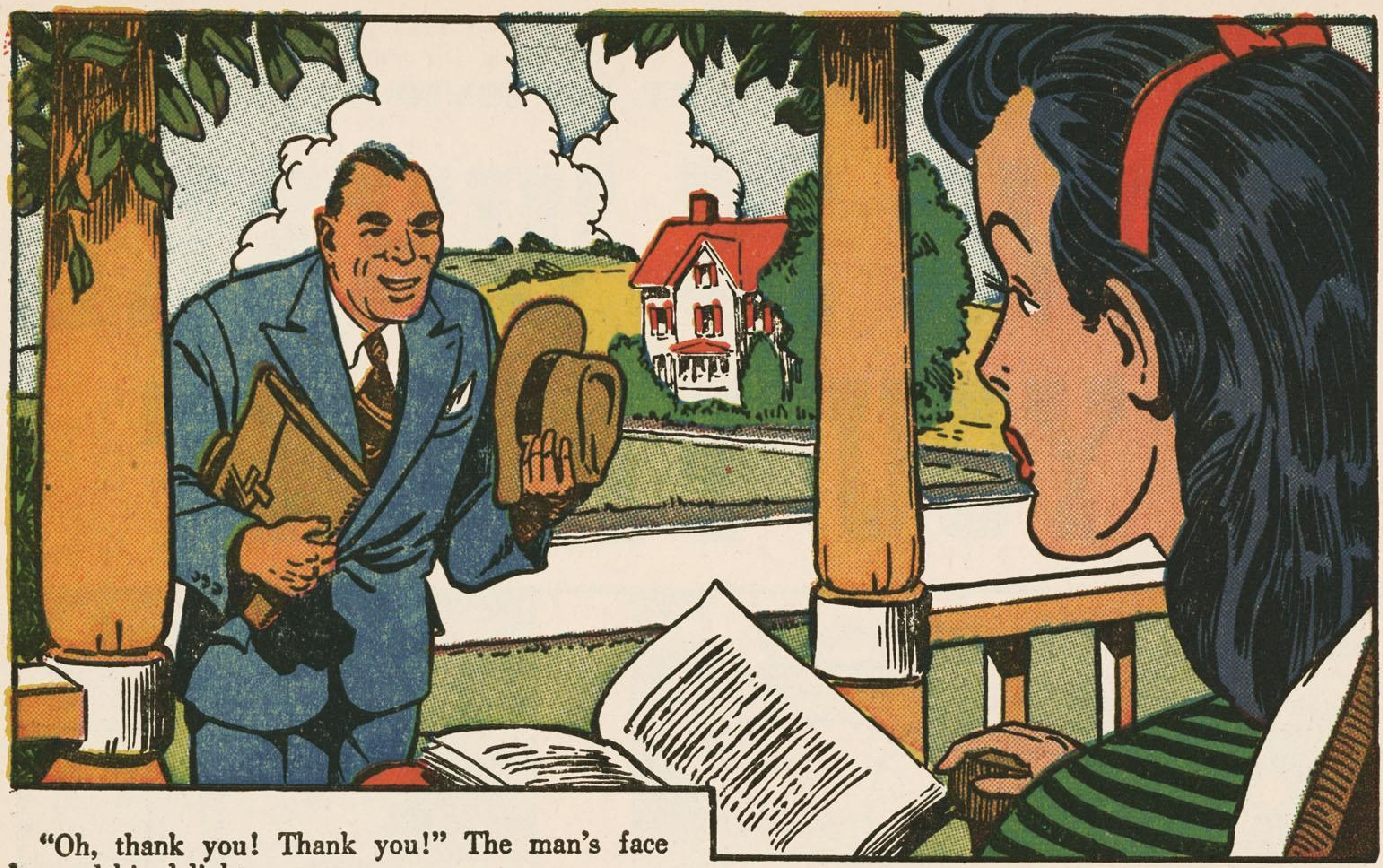
“Oh, he did, did he?” But Christy checked the indignant words before they were uttered. Ben said I'd be glad to be bothered with a trifling detail like this, did he! He had his nerve . . . he . . .

“I hope it is all right that I ask you this. I know about your accident and am very sorry. But Mr. Ben said you can type now and would be glad . . .”

Panic quickened the man's tones. Involuntarily Christy glanced at him. He looked so distressed by his problem, so concerned lest he had troubled her, so ready to run from any possible rebuff, that in spite of her anger some of the ice melted from her heart.

“Of course I'll help you,” she said glancing at his pencilled notes. “I can have it ready tomorrow.”

Her tone was businesslike, even brusque. But suddenly she smiled. And as Ben Truesdale always said, Christy's smile was something *really* special.



"Mr. Ben Truesdale told me you are—what you call . . . sten-og-rapher." "I was going to be. But . . ."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" The man's face beamed his delight.

He insisted on paying more than the modest sum she asked when he came for the letter next day.

"You are so kind. I have a friend who cannot write at all your American language. He would like so much to have some business letters done right for him. He will pay you well."

"It's working," Mrs. O'Connor told Ben Truesdale at the store a couple of weeks later. "So many seem to need her services—it surprised me. They're all delighted with her work, and they're not the kind who take something for nothing either. The work and the pay have really done her good—she's more alive than she's been since the accident. Now if only she'd try to walk more."

"That will come," Ben said confidently.

But Mrs. O'Connor was thinking that it would come sooner if Christy liked the town more and were really interested in the people. Maybe it wasn't wise to let her stay in the city. If she'd come here, she might really have come to like it.

"I'm earning real money!" Christy exclaimed when her mother got home. "I won't have to ask Dad to stake me when I'm able to go back to the city again."

"Why not celebrate by taking a walk with me now, dear?"

"Oh, all right," Christy conceded, "if it will help take that anxious look off your precious face." She gave her mother a spontaneous hug.

"I'll be glad for you, dear, because you want to go so much," Mrs. O'Connor said as they walked slowly down the block. "I didn't like it either when we first came. I'd always lived in a big city. But when I saw what a good opportunity your father had here and that we were likely to stay for some years, I *tried* to like it. And now I wouldn't live anywhere else. There's something rich about small town living that you don't get in a big city. I wish you could experience it, Christy. It would be good to have you home."

"Oh, Mom! I'd die! There's just no fun in this dinky place."

"All right, dear, I understand. And I didn't mean to disturb you."

Back on the porch Mrs. O'Connor plumped up the pillows in the wheel chair.

"I'm glad that you finally *wanted* to walk outside."

"But I walk so slowly. And I'll never dance again, Mom . . . and . . . I love to dance . . ." Christy's discouraged voice broke.

"Nonsense, Christy! Of course you'll dance again.—But look, there's a strange lady turning in here—some more work for you by the looks of that briefcase. I'll just slip into the kitchen."

"She's an author," Christy explained later. "She bought the Snider place on the river road with the old-fashioned garden you admire so much, Mom. She wants me to type part time every day for her. My savings will surely grow now."

Six weeks later Marnie Jordan picked up the neatly typed scripts Christy had prepared for the young people's amateur dramatic society.

"I'm not going to charge you for them, Marnie," Christy said. "I belong to a dramatic club in the city, and I'm awfully interested in it. I'd like to donate my services to you."

"That's swell of you, Christy. I only wish you were planning to stay here and belong to ours. We could use some more talent. But you *are* coming to our barn dance, aren't you? We're all hoping that will be your first social outing."

"Oh, no! I can't dance yet so what would be the use? Besides, I just can't imagine myself having a good time at a country barn dance . . ." was what Christy meant to say.

But Marnie was a dear so she smiled up at her from the straight-backed chair she now occupied in front of her typewriter table on the porch.

"I have a lot of typing to catch up on."

"But a barn dance! It's the highlight of our year! You *can't* miss it, Christy! . . . You'd find it fun even just to watch," she went on as Christy hesitated. "All the older people come, too—your father and mother included. *Do* come with them, Christy."

"Oh, all right. I'll go," Christy finally consented.

And a few nights later as she looked at the dozens of colored lanterns that swung from the high beams in the huge barn loft and the well-swept floor with its ring of blanketed benches around the edges, she had to admit the setting was unusual and exciting.

But the dancers, she thought. Just as well I *can't* dance. Most of them will be awkward, I'll bet.

"You're Christy O'Connor, aren't you?" The voice was just behind her, and Christy turned to look up into merry brown eyes—with fair hair, my favorite combination, she noted with satisfaction. And a square chin for good measure.

"You're glad you came, Christy," she told herself as the deep voice went on,

"Uncle Ben told me to be on the lookout for you. I'm his namesake nephew, just down for a breather from prep school. But there's the music for a square dance. Be my pardner, Christy?"

"Oh, but I can't . . . I . . ."

"Of course you can. I'll help you through the routine."

"I didn't mean that. I just can't . . ." But Ben had caught her around the waist, and they were whirling across the floor.

"We're needed right here . . ." His voice brought Christy out of her daze as they stopped opposite another couple at the far end of the floor.

"I . . . I did it . . ." Christy's voice was so strained that it was only a whisper.

Ben's voice was gentle and reassuring, "Of course you did! You'll forgive me, won't you? Usually I'm not so caveman-like. But it seemed the only way to show you that you really can. You *do* forgive me?" His brown eyes were clouded with anxiety.

"I guess I'll have to," Christy said slowly. "Your uncle and Doctor Thompson hatched this up—I'm sure they did." Irritation sharpened her voice for a moment—then her eyes danced. "But, oh, Ben! I'm glad they did! It's just wonderful to dance again."

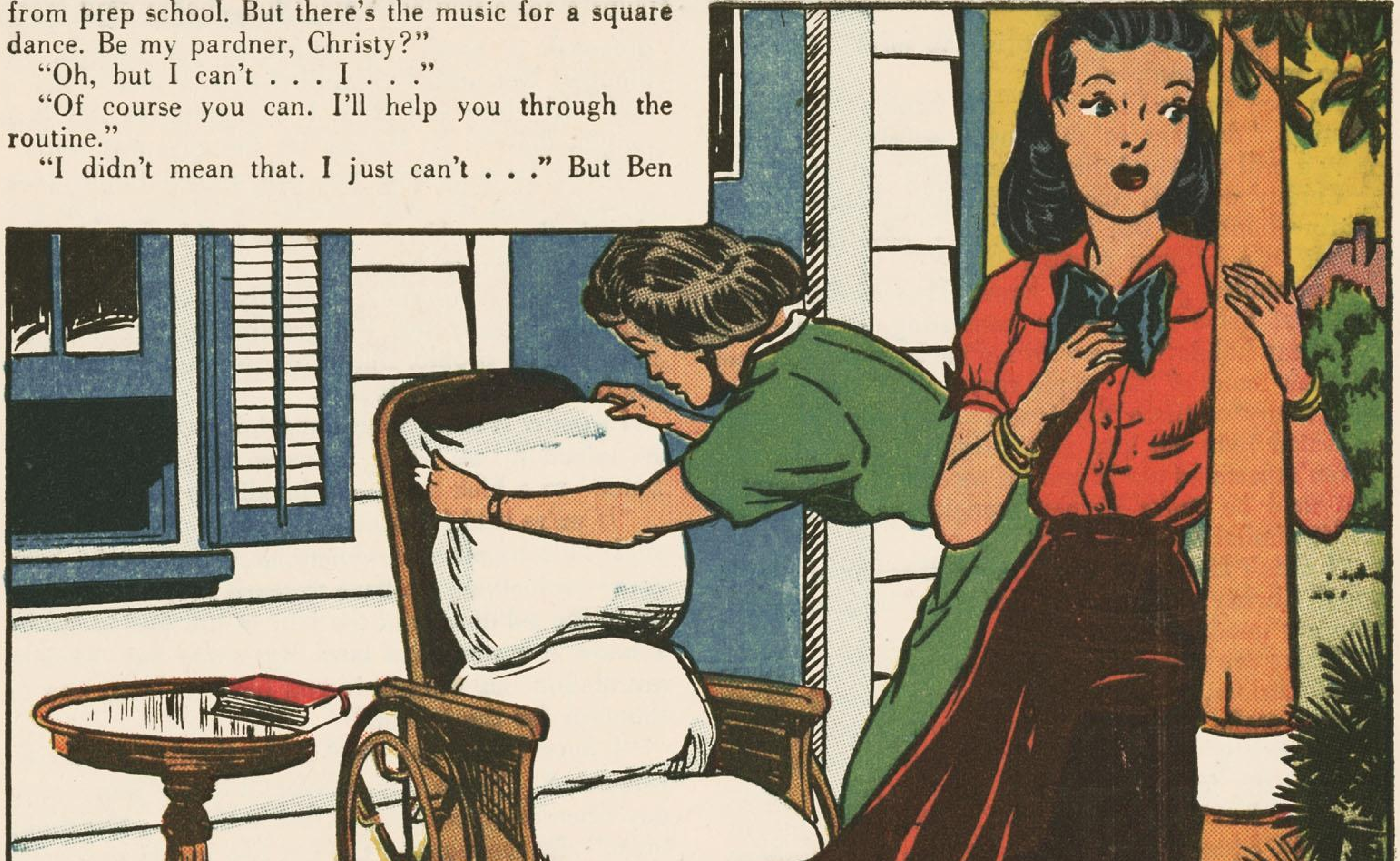
"I'm not to let you tire yourself though. Those are Doctor Thompson's orders."

So often they sat one out and talked.

"Most of them are really swell dancers, aren't they?" Christy's voice registered surprise.

"Of course they are! Small town people usually do things well. Think how many famous people made their start in small towns. And they're the finest people in the world, too. That's why I'm going to settle down right here when I'm through school —med school—and become Doctor Thompson's partner. He's getting old and needs someone . . ."

"Do you mean to say you'd be content to settle down to a general practice in a small town like this,



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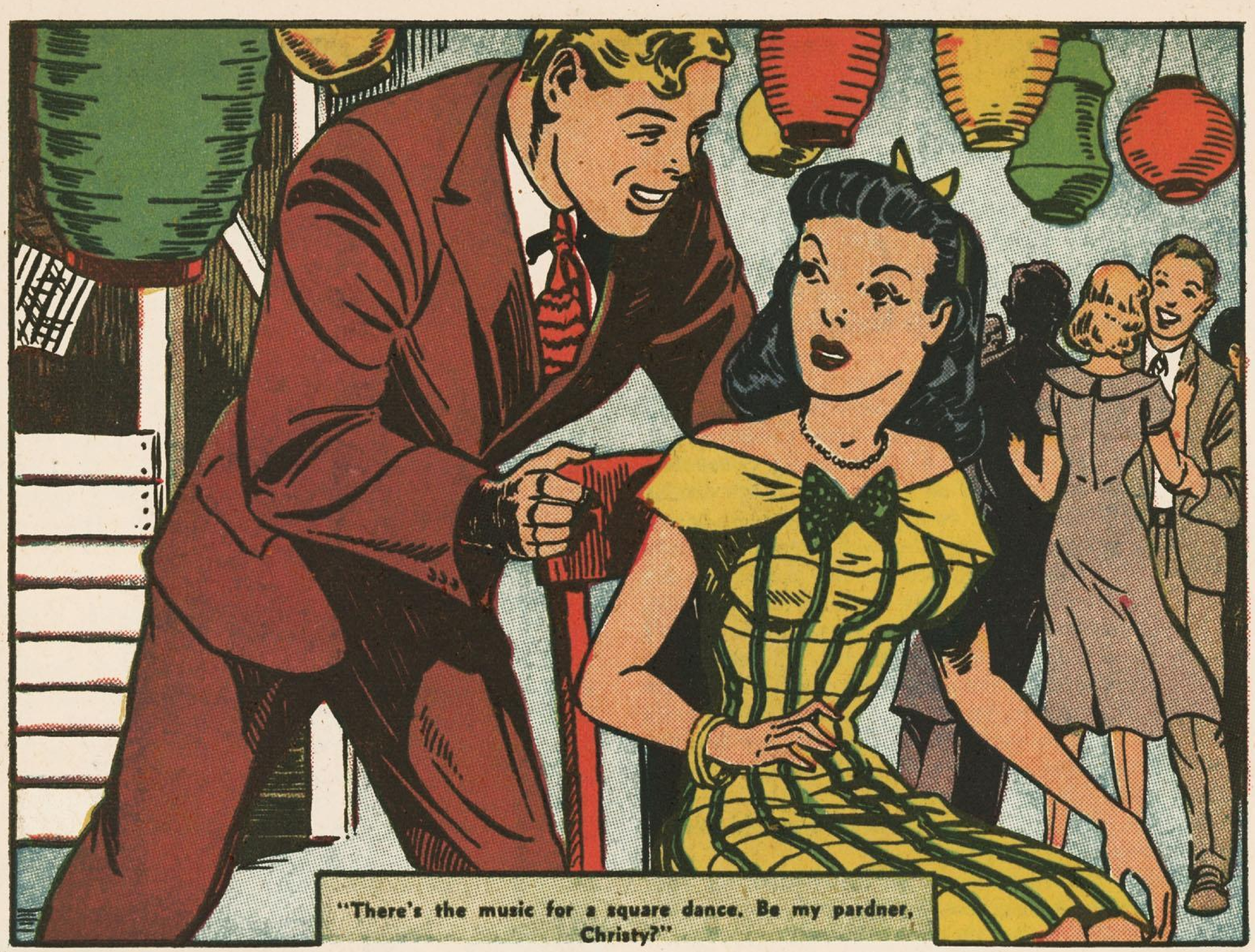


"There's the music for a square dance. Be my pardner, Christy?"

rather than be a specialist in the city?" Christy's tone was incredulous.

As Ben nodded his head, she couldn't help continuing, "But not in this town, surely? Why, it's only a mill town and there are so many foreigners . . ."

Christy stopped, coloring. "I didn't mean to sound stuffy—honestly. But it's just . . ." She spread her hands in a helpless gesture.

Ben smiled gravely. "I know. They're different—but that helps make them interesting. I've spent a lot of my holidays here with my uncle, and I've come to know many of the people very well. It's surprising how many of these 'foreigners' are basically better educated than we are. Just because many of them haven't mastered our language, we call them ignorant. But we'd be angry if they thought the same of us under similar circumstances."

"I didn't know . . . and I never thought of it that way," Christy said slowly. "But there are many, too, who *are* uneducated."

"There are among the rest of us, too," Ben smiled. "And besides, they usually know so many other things—crafts and such. Christy, you'd be amazed at the artistic work many of them do. You should just see the hobby show here in the fall. I never miss it if I can go. . . . But let's talk about *you* for a change. I hear you've built up a nice little business for yourself here."

Christy chatted gayly about her experiences. But inwardly a great awareness was stealing into her consciousness—something which she had never dreamed. I won't say anything yet though, she thought. Not until I've mulled it over awhile myself and told Mom and Dad. I was going to tell them tonight that I'd be leaving for the city next week.

Hours later Christy was still awake. I'd be crazy to leave now, she told herself. I'm doing a job here already that would take years to build up in the city, and I'm my own boss.

But more important than that—and more surprising—I really feel I'm growing to like this little town and its people. But all my prejudices have kept me from realizing it before.

I wonder if that's what our minister meant that day he talked to me when I was so bitter about going home—to a hick town—an invalid in a wheel chair.

"If we're held from realizing our aspirations," he'd said, "it's because of something that must be overcome—something we have to learn before we can go on to the fulfillment of the best in life that is for us. I know it seems hard now. But some day, Christy, you'll find out what it is you have to learn and be thankful for the lesson."

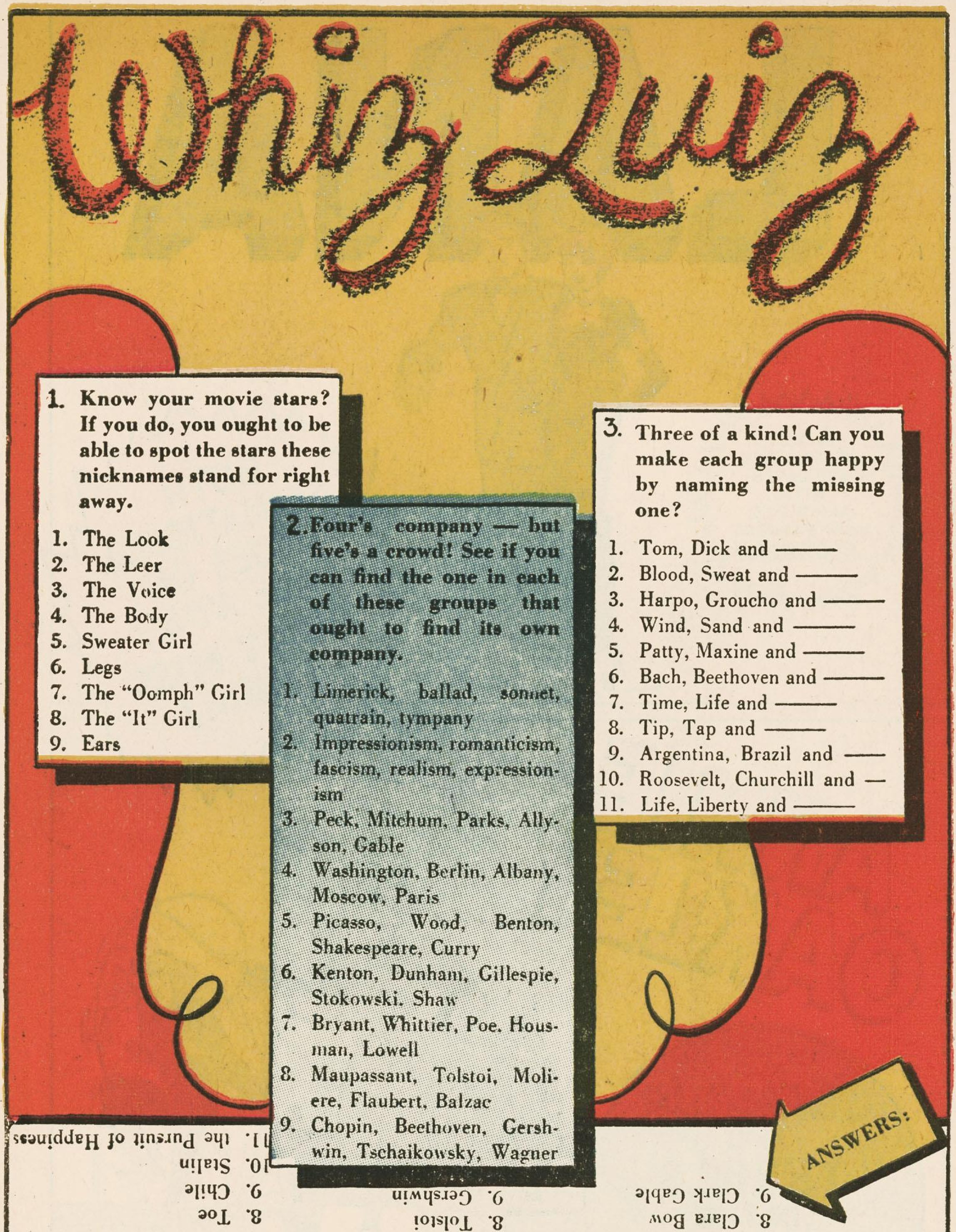
"I *have* found out—and I *am* thankful," Christy whispered. "Some day, maybe, I'll tell Ben—some day when he comes back to live in this . . . this dinky town." She emphasized the last two words with smiling affection.

And though there was no one there to see, Christy's smile just then was something *very* special.

THE END

LANA
A RIOT OF ROMANCE AND LAFFS WITH AMERICA'S MOST STUNNING SHOWGIRL!
BOTH SENSATIONAL ISSUES ON SALE NOW! DON'T MISS THEM!
ANNIE OAKLEY
GLAMOUR AND THRILLS IN THE ROMANTIC WEST

Whiz Quiz



1. Know your movie stars? If you do, you ought to be able to spot the stars these nicknames stand for right away.

1. The Look
2. The Leer
3. The Voice
4. The Body
5. Sweater Girl
6. Legs
7. The "Oomph" Girl
8. The "It" Girl
9. Ears

2. Four's company — but five's a crowd! See if you can find the one in each of these groups that ought to find its own company.

1. Limerick, ballad, sonnet, quatrain, tympany
2. Impressionism, romanticism, fascism, realism, expressionism
3. Peck, Mitchum, Parks, Allyson, Gable
4. Washington, Berlin, Albany, Moscow, Paris
5. Picasso, Wood, Benton, Shakespeare, Curry
6. Kenton, Dunham, Gillespie, Stokowski, Shaw
7. Bryant, Whittier, Poe, Housman, Lowell
8. Maupassant, Tolstoi, Moliere, Flaubert, Balzac
9. Chopin, Beethoven, Gershwin, Tschaikowsky, Wagner

3. Three of a kind! Can you make each group happy by naming the missing one?

1. Tom, Dick and ———
2. Blood, Sweat and ———
3. Harpo, Groucho and ———
4. Wind, Sand and ———
5. Patty, Maxine and ———
6. Bach, Beethoven and ———
7. Time, Life and ———
8. Tip, Tap and ———
9. Argentina, Brazil and ——
10. Roosevelt, Churchill and —
11. Life, Liberty and ———

ANSWERS:

1.
1. Lauren Bacall
2. Humphrey Bogart
3. Frank Sinatra
4. Marie MacDonald
5. Lana Turner
6. Betty Grable
7. Ann Sheridan
8. Clara Bow
9. Clark Gable

2.
1. Tympany
2. Fascism
3. Allyson
4. Albany
5. Shakespeare
6. Stokowski
7. Housman
8. Tolstoi
9. Gershwin

3.
1. Harry
2. Tears
3. Chico
4. Stars
5. La Verne
6. Brahms
7. Fortune
8. Toe
9. Chile
10. Stalin
11. the Pursuit of Happiness

BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference— Often So Much

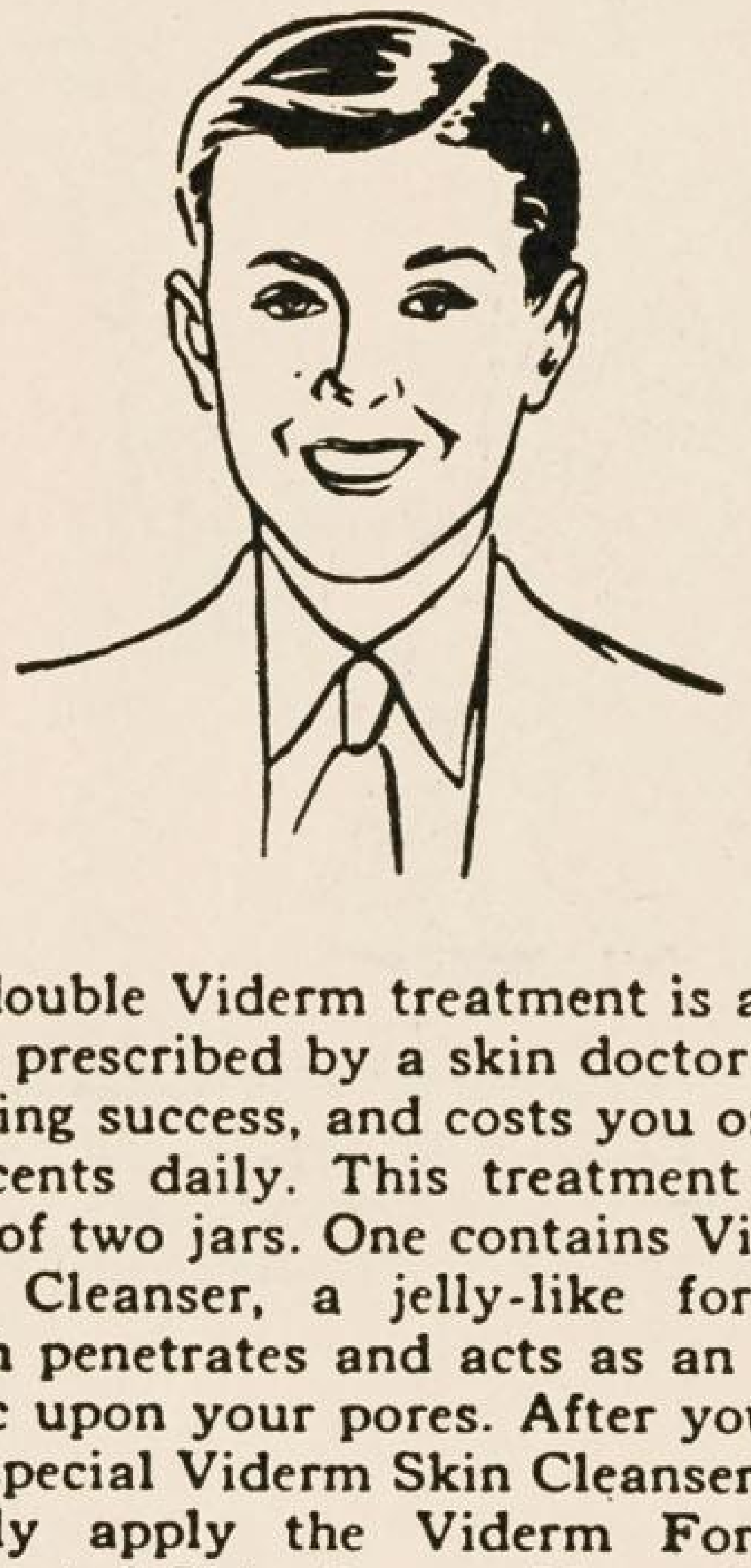
CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too *— in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't*. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept469New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

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